

the

LINK

September 1964

IGNORANCE IS OUT OF DATE

THEY COUNT EVERY PRECINCT

NO STEALING!

25¢

A PROTESTANT MAGAZINE FOR ARMED FORCES PERSONNEL







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COVERS

Front: "I will fly in the greatness of God." Photos for Covers 1, 2 and 3 by H. Armstrong Roberts.

Back: Farmers' Gold. Photo by Louis C. Williams.

Inside Front: Back to School.

Inside Back: From window design by Willet. The mind must be free to think.

ART WORK: Story illustrations by John Crandall. Spots by Volk.

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SOUND OFF

Lay Leader Wants THE LINK

Our ship has a regular crew of eight officers, eight chief petty officers, and ninety enlisted men. Each of the three groups has its own magazine rack. Our magazine list is made up by popular vote. We are getting no Christian literature.

Because we have no chaplain or church funds we would be unable to pay for subscriptions. If you have funds for such gifts, 1 to 4 copies would be appreciated.

—Sidney G. Olson, Protestant Lay Leader, USS *Daniel A. Joy* (DE 585), Randolph St., at the Lake, Chicago 1, Ill.

Request from Canadian

I am in the Royal Canadian Air Force stationed in Washington, D.C. I have been a patient in Walter Reed Hospital and have read a copy of THE LINK. I have gotten so much out of it that I would like to subscribe to it if I may. Expect to be in this area for four years.

Please let me know the subscription price and bill me accordingly.

—C. L. Hawgood, 2710 E. Venable St., Arlington, Va. 22213.

THE LINK Played Important Role in My Life

Close to my entire military career your every welcome valuable publication has played an important role in my life—a friend to all servicemen in the armed forces.

(Continued on page 65)

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IGNORANCE Is Out-of-Date



By Fred Cloud

SINCE World War II there has been an explosion that affects every one of us. Nor do we mean the explosion of nuclear weapons underground or on deserted Pacific islands. Rather, we mean the *knowledge explosion*.

What does this mean? Knowledge can't "blow up," can it? No, it means that discoveries and advances in every field of learning—and especially in the sciences—have increased so rapidly that no one man can comprehend "all that is known."

For some people, the world scene is—to use one of Li'l Abner's expressions—"amoozin' but confoozin'." But for anyone who is alert and alive, this is an intellectually exciting age in which to live. Who could have imagined that, in our lifetime, a trip to the moon would move out of the

realm of science fiction into that of planned fact? Or that international telecasts could be made?

Should you attend the New York World's Fair in 1964-65, you will see marvels of transportation, communication, and technology which will make you keenly aware of the tremendous skills that men have mastered—and the knowledge which lies behind those achievements.

Baffled, Blind, or Bored?

It is hard to understand, then, in such a world as ours how anyone could be content to be ignorant *and not try to overcome that ignorance*. Why, when an ever-higher level of education is demanded for employment in modern American society, do we have so many persons dropping out of school before graduation

The Rev. Fred Cloud is Editor of Older Youth Publications for the Methodist Church.

from high school? One reason, for many persons, is that the complexity of the modern world has them baffled. They don't know "what they want to be"—or do—with their lives. They drift; and in the intense competitiveness for jobs, they lose out.

Some persons stop studying because they're blind to what their lifelong needs will be. They see school—whether high school or college—as a contest between teacher and pupils, with the objective being to pass a course "without cracking a book." So they really don't overcome their ignorance, even though they "get by" for a time. They haven't sharpened up their mental scalpels so that they can cut to the heart of public issues and see what makes them tick. They haven't learned the joy of mental discovery, through individual reading, watching educational TV, formal or informal study, or conversation with well-informed persons.

A third group seems content with ignorance as their lot because—long before they have lost physical energy—they have lost their mental drive. They are bored. Their days seem pointless, going nowhere.

We don't so much blame as pity persons who are ignorant and don't know it. There is a wise old saying: "It is better to be ignorant and know it than to be ignorant and not know it; for if you are ignorant and know it you can study and overcome your ignorance!" This is much truer than the *misquotation* from Shakespeare: "Ignorance is bliss." The true quote is: "If ignorance were bliss, 'twould be folly to be wise." But, of course,

the catch is that ignorance is *not* bliss; usually, it is unhappiness, and frustration, and limited opportunity to express oneself.

Who's Educated?

Education is much more than the mere acquiring of diplomas and degrees. In our day, degrees have become necessary for persons going into various professions—medicine, law, the ministry, and so forth—but they are merely means to ends, not ends in themselves.

College, graduate schools, or technical schools are not "processing plants" that turn out educated men and women who need never think again. Rather, they are centers for stimulating, sensitizing, and directing the growing intellectual awareness of persons. They are "introductions" to the various fields of learning.

Doctors, lawyers, and ministers, for example, have frequent seminars on various aspects of their professions. These "refresher courses" are necessary if one is to keep up with new developments in his field.

The same is true of business and industry. A number of large corporations send their young executives back to school—not just for technical instruction but for courses in philosophy, language, and history! Their idea is that a man who is growing intellectually makes a better employee.

One of the finest developments in the field of education, in my opinion, is the rapid rise of "adult education programs" in many cities across the country, usually sponsored by a college or university as a kind of

extension program, but sometimes independently sponsored. At these night schools, persons can take courses ranging from art to zoology. Quite a number of men and women in the armed forces take courses in such schools, either to get "a running start" on a college education which they intend to complete after leaving the armed forces or as a personal enrichment activity.

Thousands of persons in the military are actually taking college courses working toward degrees. Many thousands more are getting technical training in military schools. And many others are taking correspondence courses.

More Than Its Cash Value

In our time, the rise of vocational counseling has caused many persons to assume—wrongly—that the exclusive reason for getting further knowledge is to get a better job paying more money. A living wage is an important matter, and we don't "knock it."

But education has more than "cash value": indeed, its deepest value is that it helps a person to become more fully human, more truly a member of the family of man. How? Consider the matter of literature, for example. Shakespeare, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Eliot, Auden, and a hundred other writers have explored human motives and conduct in a way that throws light on the question, "What does it mean to be fully human?" Some persons will become writers; and their knowledge of other writers' work will have "cash value" for them in the sense that it

will help them to learn to write. But the value of Shakespeare or Milton, even for a writer, is much greater than its cash value! It is part of our human heritage, and education helps us to understand and value it.

Or take the matter of science. No one born in our day can understand the world view that is most pervasive and influential in our time without some knowledge of science. Ours is the "Age of Science," just as the eighteenth century was the "Age of Reason."

Some education in the sciences is, obviously, vocational in its purpose. In other words, some persons study chemistry to become chemists, and physics to become physicists. But isn't it also important to study these sciences—as well as biology and astronomy—in order to understand the nature of life in the universe as modern man sees it? One of man's innate characteristics is *curiosity*—the desire *to know*. We do man an injustice if we seek to hang a price tag on every bit of knowledge. This is what the Sophists did in Socrates' day—and today, we despise the Sophists and honor Socrates.

"Reading Maketh a Full Man"

One of the first scientists of the modern era, who was also a man of letters, was Francis Bacon. In one of his essays, he stated: "Reading maketh a full man." This points to the importance of good reading habits. Today, thousands of magazines and books are published each year. The individual has to use his good judgment regarding what he will read.

Consider the corner newsstand at the local drugstore: It contains a lot of printed matter that can only be labeled "trash." Sex, sadism, and sensationalism are the staple items of this trash. But it also contains magazines that include articles by some of the great thinkers of our day—magazines like *The Atlantic Monthly*, *Harper's*, *The Reporter*.

The paperback book rack contains, again, the same assortment: trash and classics. There are many murder mysteries and sex sensationalism books; but there are classics for a few cents, and paperback editions of fine modern novels such as William Golding's *Lord of the Flies*, and inspirational adventures such as Ernest Gordon's *Through the Valley of the Kwai*. There's no excuse for anyone's being without good reading matter today, for the paperback book phenomenon has made even a trip to the public library unnecessary! You can pick up good books in bus, rail, and airline terminals.

Read for a purpose. This is not only good sense, it is good religion. For Jesus said that the Great Commandment is: "You shall love the Lord your God . . . *with all your mind.*" And Luke wrote about Jesus that he "*increased in wisdom* and in stature, and in favor with God and man."

Ignorance is out of date. By taking thought, you can direct your own growth intellectually so that you will become a well-informed, well-educated man who is aware of his human heritage and able to appreciate what it means to be a human being in 1964! ■ ■

The Beggar Poet

By Richard R. Smith

THE HEROES

Devotion seldom brings a person fame,
For sacrifice and toil are not a game.
The heroes you would never recognize
Are humble hearts who live heroic lives.

THE REASSURANCE

There is a deeper consciousness
Than that we usually know;
There is a vision of my God
That seems to come and go.
When through the eyes of mind and soul
I focus all my will,
The force of silence conquers all
And keeps my spirit still.
No miracles explode behind
My closed and shuttered eyes,
But every fear and faithless doubt
Lays down its head and dies.
And some strange joy more wonderful
Than I could long endure
Tells me all my hope is true
And then I feel secure
That he has touched this mortal man
And left a living sign
That I am His, will always be,
And He is ever mine.

ON DOING TWENTY

For twenty years
We contemplate
The joy of our
Retirement date.
How many wish
When this time nears
To serve again
Those twenty years!

The Second Fiddle of God

By Haydn L. Gilmore

THE late Aldous Huxley left a permanent mark, say some, by his novel *Point Counter Point*. Human personalities interplay within its pages. When we consider God's counterpoint, however, we come to infinite contrapuntal ability *par excellence*. Briefly put, there is a second fiddle part on the score of God (which needs to be played with care and understood reverently).

Some people think of God as a far-off Person. He has, they think, a four-track mind, but makes melody of straight whole notes devoid of intricacy. Unfortunately at times, these same people listen to, say, a great concert piece or a popular rhapsody, but do not discern the small details and overtones. Listening is shallow, the record is played, but the "music" is not heard.

The supporting shades of an orchestral selection are necessary. The architectural structure of musical greatness is blended in tonal nuances. The tingle of a triangle, placed with infinite care, the lone, faint, overhead flight of oboe notes can be that which makes a passage delectable.

A person may hear a certain piece of music for a hundred times before he awakes to understand the depths and exquisite features. This is true of Montavani or Mozart, of Berlioz or Berlin. There is more than meets the ear in music, as there is more than meets the eye at first glance in art.

The precise blast of a French horn, significant taps of the timpani, and the subterranean sweep of the cellos can make the difference between organized noise and haunting greatness. If it is music, you leave the concert hall whistling, with the tapes in your mind still playing—all the way home.

For example, in Rachmaninoff's *Chanson Georgiënne* there is great economy of effort. Every note counts in the development of the sad theme, which comes to an end with almost abrupt suddenness. Then the sense of faint incompleteness is made permanent by a pause, and one last, small, light chord formed by the flute, harp and violas. (Seek that piece out sometime, and mark that significant last phrase.)

We are living in a day of stereo

music. Yet is there a decline in the appreciative grasp of music in depth? Can we become hardened by "over-exposure" to high fidelity reproduction?

We do not decry music as a great tranquilizer, for that it is. It is wise, however, to think of it as the product of creative talent and a stimulant to creative effort as well. It is an admitted elixer of rich emotional experience and even personality exploration.

Be it known (however robust the shock) that the understanding of the finest music requires as much thought and concentration as its composition. True, relaxed feeling is the result, but *appreciation*, akin to the sophistication of mathematics, requires great thought as well as great musical feeling. (Stereo equipment owners, take note.) The wonders of component equipment cannot compensate for the aforementioned, when it comes to grasping the glories of music—any kind of music.

It should come as no surprise, therefore, that both thought and feeling are part of grasping the beauty of Christianity. It is in fact our answer to the Holy Spirit's working in people's hearts. The knowledge of God requires the full exercise of all our faculties. The Holy Spirit does not operate in a vacuum any more than music can be transmitted apart from the air ocean.

A Christian can fail to catch the magnificence of the heart of Christianity for a critical lack of attention.

To do this we must recognize the "second fiddle part."

God, we discover, plays in counterpoint, and there is a second violin part in the symphony of heaven. That is to say there are "persons" who play second fiddle.

Perhaps you can recall an early experience in high school playing second violin or trumpet or anything. At first it was hard to convince yourself that it was an important part of the musical organization.

CHRISTIANITY leaves us in no doubt about the second violin part. St. Paul in the last chapter of the Epistle to the Romans (ch. 16) indicates a long list of "unknowns." (Apart from their friendship with Paul, that is.) The First Epistle to the Corinthians lays great stress on the importance of the individual members of the body of Christ (1 Cor. 12:22). "The parts of the body (orchestra?) which seem to be weaker are indispensable." Perhaps the church's great failure in any age is the forgetfulness of the individual. J. B. Phillips translates this verse from Corinthians: "Those parts of the body which have no obvious function are the more essential. . . ." This is true of music and Christianity. Second fiddle does not mean second class.

Obviously there are varied degrees of capacity (part) in those who belong to God by faith in Christ. God holds us responsible for our own tonal range and score, not that of another. And though our individual melodies may seem counter to each other at times, let us step back, listen, and realize that in the plan of God they meet. For not only the

persons but the purposes of God are "contrapuntal."

Stray passages that seem irrelevant, minor, and discordant strains are part of the purposes of God. All things work together for those who love God, and he makes the wrath of man to praise him. When things appear to run against us, as sometimes they do, we can know that God takes these notes and blends them as part of the theme. Of course, there is an evil, seductive attempt to woo us away from the heavenly strain of Christ, but even this baleful combination of noise, however attractive the "bounce," shall one day be weeded out of the score of the universe and placed into the outer darkness of cacophony (or what men call hell).

In the Hebrew, Psalm 40:2 declares that God brought David "up also out" of *a pit of noise*. "Out of the miry bog" says the RSV. What a contrast with the new song of gladness which God has placed in our hearts!

The music which brings out the sweetest and strongest of the divine image in man is but a foretaste of "glory" (outward sight of God's inner being) that shall yet be. Handel is the precursor of heaven.

Christians are the instruments of the Almighty's melody. Let us despise no instrument, however lowly. (The lowly hootenanny guitar most nearly resembles the biblical lyre anyhow.)

Spike Jones may have joked a lot about the "second pistol" part, but let us not forget that Tschaikovsky had a *cannon* in the original score of

the 1812 *Overture*. (And it fit.)

Be sure to "negotiate" any passage which the Lord has given you to play in any part of the globe, regardless of how far-fetched (or North or South) it may seem to be from what you consider the main melody. If you are God's second fiddle, play your important part well.

The Book of Hebrews suggests that Jesus Christ sings in the midst of his church (Heb. 2:12). That beloved voice, above the din and discord, brings sense and sanity into the boisterous world.

Second fiddle down here will be ecstasy "up there" where the perspective of eternity with Christ in the "final state" will mean the full sweep of the hitherto "unknowns," "second fiddles" which shall be amplified in heaven for our hearing.

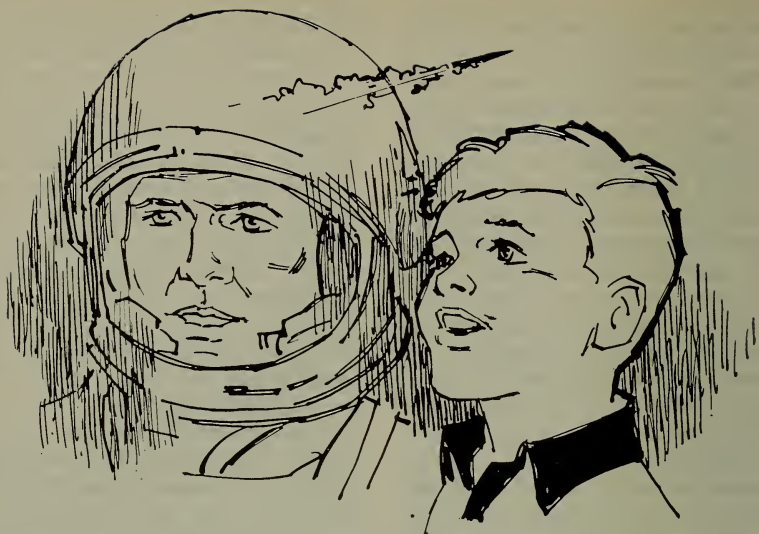
We do not know too much of heaven (except what it *isn't* and that Christ is there), but you can rest assured of the fact that there will be singing in heaven.

In the meantime, let us not be impatient with an endless series of sixteenth notes, triplets, or steady percussive beats, "And whatever you do, in word or deed . . . whether you eat or drink, or whatever you do, do all to the glory of God" (Col. 3:17, 1 Cor. 10:31). We shall hear it all "played back" as the indispensable parts of the purpose of all music—the glorification of God.

Words are not always sufficient to penetrate the depths of our hearts, but music can almost always, now and ever.

Second fiddlers! Begin! One. . . .

■ ■



“--You'll Be a Man, My Son”

By Al Corona

MY daddy's an astronaut," Steve told a soft, fluttery butterfly, sunning itself next to his white tennis shoe.

He waited for the magic to come like it used to, but wasn't really surprised when his heart and the butterfly both acted as though they had not heard.

Steve moved restlessly on the front steps. Being nine years old was a very lonesome, unhappy business.

How he wished for the young years again.

At five and six and even seven you played and laughed a lot, and you thrilled to your very toes when someone said, "Is your dad really an astronaut?"

Then you smiled and wanted to scream it. "Yes, yes, yes!" Life was an extra special place, because your daddy was smart and brave. Almost like being the President's son.

A nine-year-old boy discovers how to feel with his father, who is an astronaut

Of course, you also had to be extra good, because it was expected of you. But that was all right, too. Especially for Steve. He liked to be good. He didn't like people to look stern and say, "Stephen. I'm surprised at you!"

But the last two or three weeks Steve did not feel like a good boy.

He felt miserable and disloyal. He felt as though he'd stolen something but just hadn't been caught. Or had told a lie and gotten away with it.

Steve felt guilty.

He knew his mother looked funny at him a lot lately. Once she had asked what he dreamed that night because he had hollered.

One morning before school he almost had confided in her, but she looked so tired. He thought to himself how he would say, not looking directly into her face of course, "Mom, I'm not scared Dad will die like you probably are. I wish I was. I think I'm scared *he'll* be scared; that he'll be chicken. Or maybe I'm scared he'll goof and forget. . . ."

STEVE stood up suddenly as a wave of nausea frightened him.

"Carl!" he called, waving a hand.

"I'll ask Carl," he said aloud, making a quick decision. He could always ask Carl anything.

Carl was a retired colonel who lived across the street.

He turned and waved to Steve now, then opened his garage door and began bringing out gardening tools.

The breeze ruffled his silver hair and the shirt that hung loosely across his straight back.

Steve walked a little taller unconsciously, and rather absently traced a mustache above his lip with a finger.

Some day he'd have a small mustache just like Carl's. And wear glasses. And be just as tall and straight. He liked Carl!

Carl grinned at him, as he pushed the lawn mower with a loud clatter onto the middle of the lawn. He always grinned. "Hi ya, Steve. How's my boy?"

"Fine." He slumped down on a stretch of warm grass and began nibbling a blade of it as Carl squatted next to a rose bush and began work.

Only snipping and the sound of spray filled the air.

Somewhere two birds trilled lazily back and forth, and once a jet hissed past overhead, leaving a trail of white wool.

"Carl, tomorrow Dad is going to be launched into orbit."

"That so?" The retired colonel went right on snipping.

"If the weather permits," Steve added, sounding very old for nine.

Carl grunted.

"That's why Grandma has come to visit."

"Boy! Aren't you lucky! Bet she'll make those fresh apple pies and blueberry pancakes! They sure were good."

Steve squinted his eyes at the

broad back. "And tonight television men are going to set up cameras and equipment."

"You're kidding me!"

Carl turned around, sounding completely astounded and thoroughly interested.

My, but was he a satisfactory listener! Through Carl's eyes everything you did or said was exciting or amusing or thrilling or shocking. Nothing was ever blah.

Steve's heavy heart was put aside for a moment, while they discussed the coming operation of equipment, and the three TV sets Steve, his mother, and his grandmother would watch at one time the next morning.

Then the worry that always seemed to be part of Steve nowadays returned.

"Carl."

Carl sat down, stretching. "Time for a cigarette."

"It'll make you cough. You ought not smoke." Steve scolded absently.

"You're right."

"I think something bad's going to happen to Dad. Up there. In space, I mean."

His face turned white and he clenched his fists, but the large serious eyes never left Carl's face.

Carl finished lighting his cigarette and puffed on it a couple of times. Then he exhaled white streams of smoke, almost akin to the jet's.

"It is a possibility, of course, Steve."

Steve relaxed a little.

"At least you don't say not to be silly and Dad feels confident and I shouldn't think things like that."

Carl grinned. "I'd be disappointed

in you if I thought your brain had gone AWOL. . . ."

Steve sighed like an old man.

"I'm so tired of worrying. Sometimes I forget what Dad even looks like. Yesterday in arithmetic I heard his voice clear as anything yelling 'get me out of here!'"

The small face across from Carl's looked pinched and drained.

"Once," Carl spoke carefully, scratching his leg where an ant had unsuccessfully started an expedition, "when you were four or five, your father and I took you to a carnival. Do you remember?"

STEVE furrowed his brow in concentration. He thought and thought.

"Did I have pink cotton candy?"

It wasn't really a trivial question. Steve just felt if he had had pink cotton candy, he'd have to remember the carnival.

Carl's grey eyebrows quirked over the merry blue eyes. "Can't say there, but you did go on the merry-go-round, the little cars, and the train."

"I didn't go on the ferris wheel, I'll bet, or the octopus. I still don't like them."

"Probably not. But your dad went on the roller coaster, while you and I stayed on the ground."

"When it started off, climbing up the track and away, people began screaming in fun. You became very, very frightened for your father, almost hysterical."

"Gee," Steve said, discouraged.

"No indeed. To you your father was disappearing into some unknown



horrors. Come on in the house for a minute. I've an idea."

Steve got up and followed obediently.

"We're going to pretend, Steve," Carl told him, holding the door open.

"Pretend what? Is it a game?"

"Kind of. Bernice!"

As he called, a tiny, young-looking woman appeared, patting down the ends of her short grey hair.

"Yes. Don't shout. Hi, Steve. Come here and get some cookies."

It was like her to run her quick thoughts all together. It was also like her not to mention tomorrow.

In ten minutes three heads were bent over a city transit map.

Carl had a heavy black pencil.

"See this line? Now let's follow it. Know where it goes?"

Steve, chin cupped in hands, studied it carefully. "It looks to me like a rather roundabout way to arrive at the stadium across town."

"Very nice thinking. It's exactly that; the local bus route from our area. Now here is where the pretending comes in. We are going to pretend *you* are intending to make that trip. Alone."

Steve stood up so fast, the chair rocked back and forth. "No!" The cry was wrung from him.

"Pretend, I said," continued Carl calmly.

"I've never gone on a bus trip alone," Steve explained slowly.

"Cautious and wise. However, you could now. You're nine. If you wanted to."

"I—I—" Steve's hands trembled on the paper and were damp with sudden perspiration.

"Carl." Bernice gazed at him, perplexed. "It is two transfers. That means three buses."

Steve nodded eagerly.

"We are only pretending," Carl told her gently.

The conference over the map, and then the question and answer period lasted so long that Steve's mother came over. Another fifteen minutes passed, and his grandmother came striding in.

"All right," Carl said. "One last time, Steve. Let's run through it once more. And let's this time make it perfect."

STEVE walked to the middle of the floor, and all four pairs of eyes focused on him. This didn't bother him though, because when Steve concentrated, he concentrated very hard.

"I wait on Varietta and Teresita Avenues for the 36 bus." Here he walked to the table and began tracing a finger along the heavy, black line Carl had made.

"I get on, ask for a transfer, speaking to no one else, follow this course until the vehicle crosses Funston. Here I push the buzzer and get off at the very next stop. Reposa Avenue."

His mouth felt dry, imagining it. Nobody there that he knew!

"I wait for a number 10 bus. I remember to let the 4 bus and 16 bus go by. I want a 10 bus," he repeated solemnly.

"I remember to keep my transfer as I will need it again. I go along here—to here. Push the buzzer to get off at Camden Road."

Steve swallowed hard; as for a moment he almost felt alone, isolated, knowing no one, right in the middle of nowhere.

"If I should goof up—which isn't likely—" His mother grinned quickly.

"Say that I got on the wrong bus or got off at the wrong stop, or the bus broke down—"

"You switch over to manual control," his grandmother put in, in her sturdy voice.

Carl frowned.

Steve's serious big eyes stared at her a moment, then his face twisted into delighted glee. "No, Grannie!

If I'm lost I have a dime. To use the telephone to call my mother. DE 3-2712. If her line is busy, I would call Bernice. JU 4-6102."

"Then—," he frowned. "A—uh. Then—"

The room became still, tense faces turned toward him, yet no one spoke.

"Oh, yes. I wait for the 24 bus going to the north. I give him my transfer. This bus goes to the stadium, which is at the end of the line. And Carl will be there."

"And—," Carl prompted.

Steve stood spraddle-legged now, thinking hard, both hands clasped behind him. He worried his upper lip with his teeth.

"I know! Don't tell me! I know! If I don't show up on time, about a forty-five minute trip, you call my mother. If she hasn't heard from me, you track me down."

There was silence.

Then Carl's robust approval, the affectionate pat from his mother, and the squeezes bestowed upon him by Grannie and Bernice were worth the thought, study, and nervous perspiration he wiped from his forehead!

"Now," Carl said, "Friday we'll pile in the car and follow the route, directly behind the buses. So you'll have firsthand actual experience in feeling it.

"And Saturday, if it doesn't rain, you can meet me at the stadium for the opening game of the season."

"Gee," Steve's heart thumped. He turned to his mother. "Gosh, Mom, did you hear that? Boy! Saturday I can go to the ball game!"

He looked surprised when everyone started laughing.

Later, when they were alone, Bernice asked, "Now what was that all about?"

"Oh simple, Bernice. Simple. Steve just needed to know how his dad will feel tomorrow morning.

"Now he does. Now he knows the suspense, the fear of the unknown,

the excitement, the carry-through instructions, the back-up, the confidence in the brains behind it all. There's nothing worse than the fear of fear itself, Bernice. Or," he cocked his head, "did someone else already say that?"

Bernice sighed. "Yes, Brains, but it's all right. Get washed for lunch!" ■ ■

What Price Education?

By John G. Lambrides

SCHOOL "daze" are here again! Some people say teacher with reverence and some with revulsion. Whether you praise or pan teachers, society has bestowed upon them the highest honor—the task of teaching our boys and girls, and the development of their minds, hearts, and hands. The most impressionable years of youth are entrusted to them for guidance. Within the framework of memory the teacher skillfully shapes the foundation of education. Her tools are the three R's. In science a teacher opens up a new world and points to new horizons as the past and the present are blended in history. The teacher fires the imagination with art and literature.

The talented teacher reveals the dimensions and perspectives of life, and marks the difference between the illiterate and the illustrious. The Bible describes the Great Galilean—the peer of teachers: "He opened his mouth and taught them saying. . . ." With clarity of speech and thought he imparted knowledge, "Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free."

Who can tell what pedagogical influence sparked an Einstein, Eisenhower, John Glenn, Gordon Cooper, a Peale, or a Peter Marshall on the way to fame? You might inquire of the bees where they culled the nectar which produced the golden honey. Time separates seedtime and harvest. You cannot place a price tag on education. Teachers cannot be adequately repaid for the services rendered. Perhaps the greatest reward is the realization that some seemingly unpromising child swallowed the capsules of learning and profited thereby. Thank God for teachers who teach! ■ ■

S T A T I S T I C S



In mid-1963 the world population was 3,180,000,000

LATELY I've been reading statistics. Sounds almost as dry, dull, and uninteresting as reading a phone book or dictionary. Yet as anyone in the world of business management will acknowledge, statistics reveal the present condition and the future potential of any industry. Statistics also have a story to tell about the present and the future of the church.

The statistics I've been reading have no relationship to the world of business, and I did not glean them from the pages of the *Wall Street Journal*. Mine came from the pages of weekly news magazines, daily newspapers, and a variety of Protestant church periodicals. Pieced together these statistics have a story to tell concerning the mission po-

tential of the mighty Christian church.

What are these statistics? The first set deal with the world population and the projected population growth. Experts constantly refer to it as the "population explosion." Astute businessmen are rubbing their hands in glee at the prospect of this vast potential market for their manufactured goods.

But these same set of statistics are bringing many sleepless nights to our church officials. For they realize the church is not training nearly enough men to fill the vacant pulpits within the United States alone. What will happen in America in the next ten years if the present population growth continues to outstrip the church's ability to supply adequately trained ministers?

By Thomas W. Klewin

If the rapidly expanding population within the United States is producing problems for the church, what will the exploding world population do to the mission of the church? Again, statistics tell me that more people in more countries are Christians than ever before in the history of the world. Yet the numerical increase is not keeping pace with the expanding population.

How will the church train enough men and women to reach this ever-increasing flood of human beings? If you want nightmares, read the cost-accounting sheet of a church's educational system for the preparation of trained workers. Recently my church spent \$6,000,000 to build one new college. This school will add one hundred workers a year to the church's full-time professional staff. To this must be added the cost of yearly maintenance of the school and subsidy to each man preparing for a full-time ministry.

Someone is going to suggest each country supply its own men for the ministry. I'll let my statistics answer this solution. Take Japan as just one example. There are only 500,000 Protestants in the land of the Rising Sun. How can they recruit, train, and maintain enough ministers to reach the 90,000,000 non-Christians?

These statistics merely re-emphasize what many in the church have been maintaining for the past twenty years—the church must return to the missionary concept of the early Christian church. The laity in the church took the gospel with them

to every land in which they traveled or settled. Only after a congregation had been formed did they ask for trained clergy.

Which brings these statistics down to the level where we live and work in our military community. We are sent overseas periodically by our government. We spend anywhere from one to four years in a foreign land. We've been sent to maintain the peace—but there is nothing to prevent us from spreading the news of the Prince of Peace.

We in the military are the church's bonus. We travel overseas at no cost to the church. We exact no financial toll from the church for the years we spend in a foreign land. And we levy no drain on the church's limited manpower. Yet we are strategically located in lands where Christ is greatly needed. We can become a statistical asset to the church in the areas where the population explosion is greatest.

In the process of our world travels we also gain a vision of the total outreach of the church and its needs in that outreach. When we return to the United States we can contribute to any local congregation's understanding of the global problem confronting the church.

We are a statistic in many ways. P.X.s, commissaries, housing, and a host of other items are predicated on how many of us are located in a given military area. While this is occurring, you can become a useful statistic for your church. You are the church's secret asset in her fight to keep from being overwhelmed by an ever-expanding population. ■ ■

WHY WORK?

By James W. Hoffman



A LONG family tree of home-made humor has sprung from the quip made by a wit in the Gay Nineties: "Work fascinates me; I can sit and look at it for hours." And there are countless versions of the schoolchild definition: "Work is what you have to do when you'd rather be doing something else."

Most topics of humor let some cat out of the bag about our universal human nature. In this case it's the strange but deep reluctance we feel about working. Even the career men in the armed services, who have chosen this as their lifework, must often feel that the job is just something that must be done while there are a dozen things they'd rather be doing. We journalists enjoy our work as much as any occupational group, yet we have an extraordinary fund of dodges for putting off the first

plunge into writing a new article. It's *work*.

So, although we may enjoy our jobs, most of us don't work primarily for pleasure. We work to live, rather than live to work. I, for one, feel a special admiration for men like the late President Kennedy and hit show composer Cole Porter—both men were born to more wealth than they could spend in a lifetime, yet were two of the hardest-working men of our era. If I had been born rich, I like to think I would be something better than a playboy. But I'm not too sure.

America: Land of Work

More than 350 years ago, Captain John Smith, after reading 2 Thessalonians 3:10-12, decreed that whoever would not work should not eat. Ever since then, Americans have

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shared with Germans and a few other nationalities a world-wide reputation as a fantastically diligent people. Hard work is deeply woven into our American tradition, so much so that we have sometimes needed to be reminded by overseas friends that there are other things in life worthwhile, too.

Yet in our own day the work life of Americans has run into trouble of several kinds. With literally hundreds of occupations to choose from, some young people misjudge their abilities, and live in the grinding misery of the round peg in a square hole. An uncongenial job is at least the equal of an uncongenial wife for destroying a man's personality and character.

Related to this is a loss of the pride in a job well done. Many people with long memories in this country warn us of a growth of shoddy workmanship in office, factory, farm, and everywhere that people work. A man in the import-export business said recently that if the European Common Market beats us in trade, it won't be because our prices are high, but because our quality is low. European workmen, he said, still have a pride of craftsmanship.

Many of our grandfathers in the labor movement fought for "an honest day's pay for an honest day's work." If we have forgotten the second half of the slogan, we are leading our nation to tragedy.

Work and Our Religion

Our thoughts on making a living, like everything else in our lives, change when we bring them into the

household of Christian faith. We retain the ordinary human motives for working: joy in achievement, support for our family, or patriotism. But for the Christian these are merely aspects of a higher, overruling motivation: the obligation and the desire to serve the Lord God. "For it was he who made us, and not we ourselves." And it was he who gave us whatever tools we need for our work—muscles, brain, education, money, personality. Trace back to its source any of these things, and you will see that ultimately it came as a free gift from God himself. The Christian is urged by gratitude to employ his gifts in furthering God's purposes.

The Bible passage used by Captain John Smith scolds some of the Thesalonians for laziness and makes it clear that Christians ought to be self-supporting. The early Protestants stressed the idea that whatever we do, we should "do all to the glory of God." Our daily jobs are more, then, than just our daily bread; they are a way of praising God. Before the Reformation, the word "vocation" meant only employment by the church as clergy or "religious." But Protestants use "vocation" for any occupation, believing that we are "called" by God to be soldiers, comedians, cooks, doctors, machinists, or anything else for which our Maker has given us the talent. Another common word for an occupation—"calling"—reminds us of the divine origin of our work life.

More Than the Paychecks

Many practical consequences flow

from recognizing the religious basis of our careers. And they apply to servicemen as well as civilians, to women as well as men, and to those of you who are in the armed forces only temporarily as well as those whose "calling" is the military life.

The Christian view of work means, for one thing, that we try conscientiously to do a good job. Every day. If we were working only for Sergeant Soundoff, we might be able to rationalize some moderate malingering. But since we are working for God the Father Almighty, the goof-off and the slow-down are not for us.

A Christian must believe in his work, believe that it is worth doing—for its own sake, not just for the paychecks. If you can't honestly feel that way about your work, try to be transferred to another assignment; to a civilian we'd say "Get another job." Spending the best part of each day, month after month, doing work that is meaningless to you can eat out your very soul. I've wondered, since the "Surgeon General's Report on Smoking," how I'd feel if my daily task were writing cigarette ads to recruit young smokers. This reflection makes me mighty glad I'm writing something else.

Work's Not Everything

It ought to be clear that a Christian takes his work seriously. But not *too* seriously. The man who never has time for a day with his family or a night on the town with his friends has something to learn from Christianity.

Before we were told to work, we were told to love. Many a foreign

visitor in this country has felt that too many Americans work too hard, leaving themselves no time for the joys of friendship. This may be a good way to get rich or attain status. But it is not good Christianity. God has set us down among other people with the intention that we learn to love them and do good for them (we do this partly by our work and earnings, but only partly).

We can see our work in perspective only by looking around at the other things God has given us: the beauties of nature, the sparkle of the entertainment world, the warmth of friendship, the pleasures of home, the glories of art, music, and literature. God did not create these joys for us to have them ignored by men too intent on gaining higher rank or making more money to relax and enjoy life among their fellow human beings.

What about "Success"?

Americans talk a lot about success. For those of us who are Christians, the meaning of the word expands; it is not just stocks and bonds, academic degrees, or insignia on our shoulders. (Although for some people these may be by-products.)

Success is working hard at whatever job we believe God wants us to be doing. Success also includes balancing our work with love and play, always sharpening our appreciation of the beauties and pleasures of life. Above all, success is deepening the attitude of worship we ought to bring to all our activities. In everything we do—*everything*—we do all to the glory of God. ■ ■

They Count Every Precinct

By Glenn D. Everett

Be a good American—and vote!

ON Tuesday, November 3, the American people will give the world its greatest example of democracy in action. A nation of 190 million people will go to the polls and choose the President who will lead them for the next four years, as well as the members of Congress who will make their laws and various state and local officials who will govern their local communities.

It is a wonderful demonstration to the world of the operation of democracy, a system under which the greatest and most powerful officials must go to the humblest citizens and ask for their votes, if they are to continue in their offices. It ensures that the leaders of our nation never forget that they are there to serve the people and that they respect the rights and dignity of each individual citizen.

There is only one thing wrong with this demonstration—unless records are broken in 1964, only about six Americans out of ten who are eligible will bother to take the time to participate in it. About 70 million

Americans are expected to vote. The total would be close to 110 million if everyone over twenty-one who is eligible to vote would register and cast his ballot.

The United States has the poorest record of voter participation of any democracy in the world. In France, Italy, Germany, or Scandinavia, citizens would be shocked if the turnout at the polls was less than 90 percent. In many of their elections it is as high as 96 or 97 percent, with even the aged and ill being carried to the polls to mark their ballots. In Australia and a number of other countries, a person absent from the polls without good excuse can be fined.

America's record at the polls is truly shocking. With nearly 200 years of democratic tradition going back to election of the Continental Congresses during the War of the Revolution, our people have grown careless and indifferent toward the power which is theirs in the secret ballot.

Servicemen have an opportunity

to set a good example for their fellow citizens this fall because Congress, through the Federal Voting Assistance Program, has taken precautions to insure that every man and woman serving the colors at home or abroad, and all of their eligible dependents, get a chance to vote.

This November they are going to count every precinct, including those on the Distant Early Warning line somewhere north of Nome, Alaska; at Thule, Greenland; Saigon, Vietnam; Frankfurt, Germany; Woomera, Australia; and anywhere else that American servicemen are on assignments in defense of their country.

They will even be voting in atomic submarines on patrol deep beneath the Arctic ice, using the absentee voting materials that will be supplied to an officer in every single unit of the armed forces. When the sub gets to port, the absentee ballots will be flown home where they will be counted in the respective cities and states where the servicemen last had civilian residences.

THE only handicap is that the serviceman must think about voting a little earlier than his civilian counterpart because, obviously, his ballot has to be flown home before election day. If he waits too long, he misses the deadline and his vote doesn't count.

The unfortunate thing is that, with all the help provided for them, more than 1,500,000 men and women serving with the forces in 1960 missed their opportunity to vote in that election.

As it was, however, well over

1,000,000 did vote and it could have been this vote that turned the decision. Don't let anyone say that the political leaders are going to ignore the servicemen's votes in 1964. In this election more than 3,600,000 military personnel and their dependents are eligible to vote.

In most states, the ballots that come in from the men and women at military posts are intermingled with the civilian ballots in the counting so that there is no clear indication as to how the service vote may have affected the outcome. But in some states absentee ballots are allowed to be counted as much as 30 days after the election, provided they were postmarked not later than midnight of the day before the balloting and have been en route in the mail that long. When a "cliff-hanger" comes along in one of those states, the servicemen's ally decides the outcome.

There's one man in the United States who knows for certain that every absentee vote counts and that is the present Commander in Chief, President Lyndon B. Johnson. Mr. Johnson's political career has been marked by two extremely close contests and he would not be where he is today if it had not been for a handful of absentee ballots in the second one.

In 1942, Lyndon Johnson, then a young thirty-four-year-old congressman, went to bed the night of a special election in Texas thinking he had won an election to fill a vacancy in the United States Senate. Next day, he learned that the absentee ballots had given the victory to his



Soldiers in a former election filling out absentee ballots.

opponent, Gov. W. Lee O'Daniel, by 1,900 votes. Senator O'Daniel, a flour manufacturer, whose slogan was "Pass the Biscuits, Pappy," served one term and then vanished from the political scene. But he nearly wrecked Lyndon Johnson's political career.

Johnson got back into his seat in Congress after wartime Naval service and in 1948 tried for the Senate a second time. He again found himself against a Texas governor, Coke Stevenson, and in a celebrated absentee ballot count that took 30 days to determine, emerged with a margin of 87 votes out of more than 2,000,000 ballots cast.

During his first Senate term, they jokingly called him "Landslide Lyndon." You can tell it to the Marines that a few votes from Vieques Island won't make any difference, but don't tell it to the Commander in Chief.

SOMEDAY the whole nation may have to wait for the last absentee ballots to be counted on the last precinct on the last Hawaiian island or for the votes to get in by kayak from the last Alaskan precinct out in the Aleutian Islands in order to find out who the next president will be.

In 1916 Charles Evans Hughes went to bed reading election night extras declaring he had defeated Woodrow Wilson, only to wake up next morning to learn he had lost California by 3,000 votes and with it the election. In recent years, the Kennedy election of 1960 and the election of 1948, when Harry S. Truman edged Thomas E. Dewey, each turned on a mere handful of ballots in some key states.

For thousands of servicemen, the vote they cast in 1964 will be their first for they have attained the age of twenty-one while on military duty. In every state, a new voter must register before casting his ballot. But almost all states have made it easy for a serviceman to register by mail. Civilians must always appear in person at their local Board of Election to register for voting privileges. But nearly all states now accept a written statement from a serviceman or his dependent that he has a legal residence in that state.

Obviously, servicemen and their families move around a great deal. Most states are lenient in determining residence qualifications. The residence to which a serviceman intends to return when his military duty is over is usually accepted as being his legal civilian residence. If mail sent

to that address will reach him, either through a relative or the persons to whom the property has been temporarily subleased, it will usually be sufficient.

The officer in each unit who has voting materials has a manual giving requirements for registration in every state. Since voters must register ahead of the election, it is imperative that the serviceman look into this matter at his earliest opportunity.

Once he has established his eligibility to vote in his home city and state, the serviceman applies for his absentee ballot by means of a standard air mail postcard form that is provided by the Department of Defense and accepted by virtually every state. His absentee ballot is flown to him immediately by air mail. After examining it, he goes to the officer in his unit in charge of voting, marks it in his presence but in such a way that the officer cannot see how he is

voting, and turns it in to be flown back to his home state by air mail.

Thus, without waiting in line as civilians often must do at crowded polling places, he has cast his vote to those who are to lead his country in the next four years.

SERVICEMEN, being away from home, may not be acquainted with the candidates for lesser offices which they will find on their ballots. It is simple, however, to get information as to who is running for Governor and Lieutenant Governor, for Congress, the state legislature, and so on. A postcard or letter addressed to the headquarters of the Democratic and Republican parties will be sufficient to bring back a full packet of literature in which the candidates describe their background and platforms.

It is not necessary to know the address of the party headquarters in

This card is supplied on a world-wide basis to all military personnel. It serves as a registration form and application for ballot. Get one from your voting officer and mail it early.

FILL OUT BOTH SIDES OF THE CARD

.....
(NAME)
.....
(GIVE HOME ADDRESS OR OFFICE)
.....
(TEL. AREA, STATION, NAME OF OFFICE)
.....
(STREET NO. APO, OR ZIP NO.)
.....
(CITY, POSTAL ZONE, STATE)

FREE OF U. S. POSTAGE
INCLUDING AIR MAIL

OFFICIAL ELECTION BALLOTING MATERIAL—VIA AIR MAIL

To:
(TITLE OF ELECTION OFFICIAL)
.....
(COUNTY OR TOWNSHIP)
.....
(CITY OR TOWN, STATE)

Standard Form 76
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the county seat or the state capital. During the months just before election, the party headquarters are getting enough mail that the post office knows where to find them. A letter addressed "Democratic State Headquarters, Albany, New York" does not go astray.

A letter from a serviceman asking information about the candidates will usually bring a prompt reply.

The act of voting is a test of the character of an American. No one compels him to vote. The American has to assume his responsibility voluntarily. He has to exercise his own initiative. When he does get to the poll, he is presented with a real choice, not with a carefully selected one-party list for which he either voices approval or risks the consequences.

The man or woman who laughs off

his responsibility to vote in American elections, who speaks contemptuously of politicians, or relies on the lame excuse that it doesn't make any difference, is inviting the day when he might vote the way he is told or be hauled off to concentration camp. Such a person contributes nothing to the maintenance of America's free institutions which he enjoys. Those who by military service are paying the price of defending this liberty need to set an example in performing their voluntary duty of voting.

Officers are well prepared with manuals and absentee voting supplies, and are waiting at every installation to help America's servicemen and their dependents perform this duty of citizenship. They will be glad to assist the man or woman who comes forward to perform this patriotic duty. ■ ■



No Stealing!

By David A. MacLennan

YOU reach the check-out girl in the supermarket with your shopping cart full of groceries. She checks them out and the bill totals \$11.15. You hand her a twenty dollar bill and the silver spins down the chute for you to pick out. She hands you three crisp dollar bills, and a charming, friendly smile. You are about to encircle the bags of edibles and trot off to the parking lot when you realize a five dollar bill is missing. You remind her gently. "Oh, did I forget to give you all your change? Sorry!" And without batting an eyelash or changing her smile she gives you the balance of your money. For a moment you wonder if she was trying to get away with "robbing you blind," or if she had made an honest mistake.

You are driving across an international border. A refined looking and obviously highly respectable middle-aged woman precedes you for the customs inspection. "Have you anything to declare?" the official inquires of the woman. "No, Officer, I just didn't buy anything this trip." He rummages around in her suitcase and comes up with expensive, new jewelry. It still carries the label of the foreign store where it was purchased. "Oh, that!" exclaims the returning citizen, "that was a gift to me from a dear friend. I didn't dream I'd have to declare that or pay duty on a present!"

John Q. Citizen is making up his income tax return. A friend, who has completed his, suggests ways of adding "deductions" which might be difficult if not impossible to support with cancelled checks or receipts. "Oh, come on, Bill," he urges, "everybody does it. Why not enter a fairly large sum to include all you must have given to church and other charities this past year. No one will ever question you about it."

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You buy a certain widely advertised article. It may be a cosmetic, a bottle of pills, something to be used around the house or personally. You and perhaps your partner or other members of the family find the article anything but what the "ad" claimed it to be. Or you go to what you assume is a reputable store selling furniture or "hi-fi" sets. You are assured by a salesman that the items you are interested in are the best quality and at a remarkable discount price. You buy them. Subsequently you see the same articles for sale at "regular prices" far below the "bargain prices" you paid.

In such everyday ways do we and others engage in stealing or become victims of thieves. We might be highly indignant if someone who knew what we did when we "cut a few corners," "got by without paying," accused us of breaking the eighth commandment—*You shall not steal* (Ex. 20:15). But squirm as we may, rationalize as we so frequently do to prove ourselves innocent, the charge remains. In the second half of the twentieth century it is regrettably and sometimes tragically true that

STEALING PROCEEDS IN SUBTLE WAYS

However legal it may be, however common robbing others is, stealing remains stealing. When some house thief breaks in our home or apartment or quarters and he is caught, we and the law tell him that in a civilized society there must be no stealing. When a huge syndicate of criminals fleeces the public of millions of dollars, we vigorously condemn such preying on our country and its citizens. We demand and frequently get congressional investigations. We thank heaven for the FBI, for alert, diligent and uncorrupted police, civilian or military. Mugging on dark streets, or in daylight; Mafia operations whether linked to management or not; the "skin game" or the "confidence" racket are glaring examples of the sin of stealing. Are we as sensitive to the same sin when it is disguised as "a smart deal," smooth operating, and the "who doesn't?" type of cheating?

The simplest definition of stealing is taking something which belongs to another. When this is done by a high government official and on a huge scale, we are usually shocked by such perfidy and crookedness in the seats and departments of the mighty. Strangely the man who commits fraud at a high level is frequently let off with lighter penalties than the penniless thief or pickpocket. But shocked as we should be at mobsters' thefts, and those of once-trusted bank officials

and government agents, are we really shocked when stealing is more subtle?

Joy Davidman, writing on this commandment in *Smoke on the Mountain* (Westminster Press, 1954), underlines ways of stealing which could undermine the moral foundations of our strong nation: "The mother who teaches her child to slide under the subway turnstile rather than pay his dime; the athlete who sells his skill to the highest bidder; the rich man who wins applause through benevolent foundations that just happen to be tax-free; and the poor man who feels more comfortable with government support than with a job; the bribed policeman and the bribing bookie, the bribed judge and the bribing gangster, the bribed congressman and the bribing industrialist—are they getting something for nothing or aren't they? And who pays the bill? And what would Christ have called them?" (p. 104).

It may not be true, as a Christian critic of our culture said, that in some aspects our society is a vast confidence game. Certainly being a capitalist does not make any person a thief unless we steal from the people who work for us or from our customers by overpricing or by shoddy products. Nor can we say as some on the extreme Left claim, that taxation is theft unless the government imposing the taxes fails to give us the equivalent of what they take from us, in services, defense, and other benefits. It is because all of us have in us what we might pleasantly call the adventurer but which should be called a potential swindler that the morality of the Ten Commandments and of our Christian faith must be supported by just and enforced laws.

Surely when any community, whether it be that of a town or city, a state or the nation itself, condones and practices even the subtle forms of stealing, it is in serious danger of self-destruction. Are there not examples in fairly recent history of whole nations embracing communism or some other form of totalitarian dictatorship because their experience with other forms of government convinced them the relatively few "haves" in power robbed the immense number of "have nots"? Does not history provide proof that as the Scriptures say, "Righteousness exalteth a nation but sin" (including the sin of stealing) "is a reproach to any people" (Prov. 14:34 KJV)?

WE CAN STEAL MORE THAN PROPERTY

This is something that we tend to evade: we break the eighth

commandment even if we never steal property. Do we steal time that belongs to our superiors, to the boss, to God? I have always thought that it was an unfair slur on good men that in British circles at least a man loafing on company time was said to be "soldiering." Is it characteristic of enlisted men to try to get away with as little work as possible? It may have been true of British "Tommies" in earlier centuries when the soldier's pay was so miserably low that any normal man would be tempted to do as little as possible because of the pittance doled out to him. Stealing time is not the weakness or sin of one occupation; it is a human characteristic. Failure to do an honest day's work for an honest day's pay is also stealing.

Christ in his earthly life judged men not by the amount of money or ability they possessed, but by their productivity with what they had. He did not excuse the man who wasted his single talent just because he was poor. (See Matthew 25:14-30.) Nor did he hesitate to call a self-centered, greedy, completely secular rich man a fool (Lk. 12:20). Our Lord knew that the only way we can maintain the fabric of a decent society is by our honesty, integrity, reliability all along the line. This is why we need help greater than our own to live the good life. "With God all things are possible," even the achievement of an honest life.

But what of the other kinds of stealing which may not have been in the target at which the eighth commandment originally was aimed? What of stealing a person's good name? Is there anything more devilish than the kind of malicious gossip and slander which eats away at a person's character and reputation? Sometimes we are parties to this kind of thievery not by anything we say but by our silence when a mutual acquaintance is maligned.

How different the attitude of General Robert E. Lee who, upon being asked what his opinion of one of his severest critics was, gave him a very high rating. The man to whom he spoke expressed surprise that Lee would praise a person who held such a low opinion of the general. Lee explained that he had been asked to give his honest opinion of his opponent, not the opponent's opinion of him. When I downgrade another person because of his color, racial origin or political views, am I not taking from him something that belongs to him—his right to be himself, his right to justice, to fair play?

What about the person who steals the faith of another? It is one thing to help someone face honest doubts, to realize that he may have to abandon an inadequate faith in God and man in order to find a

more adequate and, therefore, a more Christian faith. It is another to suggest by direct attack or innuendo that Christian faith and life are without foundation in reality or that Christian convictions are unnecessary to be a mature person.

Stealing a person's confidence in himself is a common by-product of robbing a man of faith in God and in Christ as the revelation of God and of what man can become through commitment to him. As more than one Christian patriot of our own nation has perceived and declared, we will believe either in the living God or in tyrants. When we are deprived of such belief, it is only a matter of time before we lose belief in man as a spiritually valuable creature, as a child of God with unimaginably great potential for character growth and creative, useful achievement.

Martin Luther, the famous reformer of the sixteenth century, had an interesting way of recovering his self-confidence. When he was discouraged and depressed, he would rally his courage and Christian convictions by saying "I have been baptized!" This meant that he had been accepted and delivered by the great God into whose threefold name of Father, Son, and Holy Spirit he had been baptized. It meant that he was redeemed, or purchased by God through Christ at a great price. Therefore, he was loved by God and incorporated into the body of Christ. Think how seriously we injure the personality of a fellow human being when we weaken this faith. Consider also what a significant contribution we make to the life and eternal destiny of another when we help him see and grasp this truth that God loves him with a love that passes knowledge and description. "No stealing" of anyone's basic faith in God and Christ means "no stealing" of the soundest kind of self-confidence.

"No stealing!" says the God and Father of Moses and of our Lord Jesus Christ. "Let the thief no longer steal, but rather let him labor, doing honest work with his hands, so that he may be able to give to those in need" (Eph. 4:28). If we have stolen either property or time, or another person's good name, or another person's virtue, we may make restitution. If this is impossible, we can always come as penitent sinners and receive divine forgiveness. It was to a penitent thief on a cross who turned to him in yearning that Christ promised acceptance and companionship forever: "Jesus, remember me when you come in your kingly power." And he said to him, "Truly, I say to you, today you will be with me in Paradise" (Lk. 23:42, 43).



STORIES FROM SPORTS

Calling His Shots

HE made a prediction to a ward full of sick youngsters, "Yes, sir, kids, I'll strike out Bill Terry with the bases loaded in tomorrow's game." The next day the young pitcher who made this prophecy did just that! It was the ninth inning with the Giants at bat. They had men on first and second with two out. The next Giant to face the pitcher was walked to load the bases. Bill Terry stepped to the plate and began digging in, when the brash pitcher yelled to him, "I hate to do this to ya, Bill, but I promised a bunch of kids I'd strike ya out with the bases full." The next three pitches were strikes, retiring the dangerous Terry.

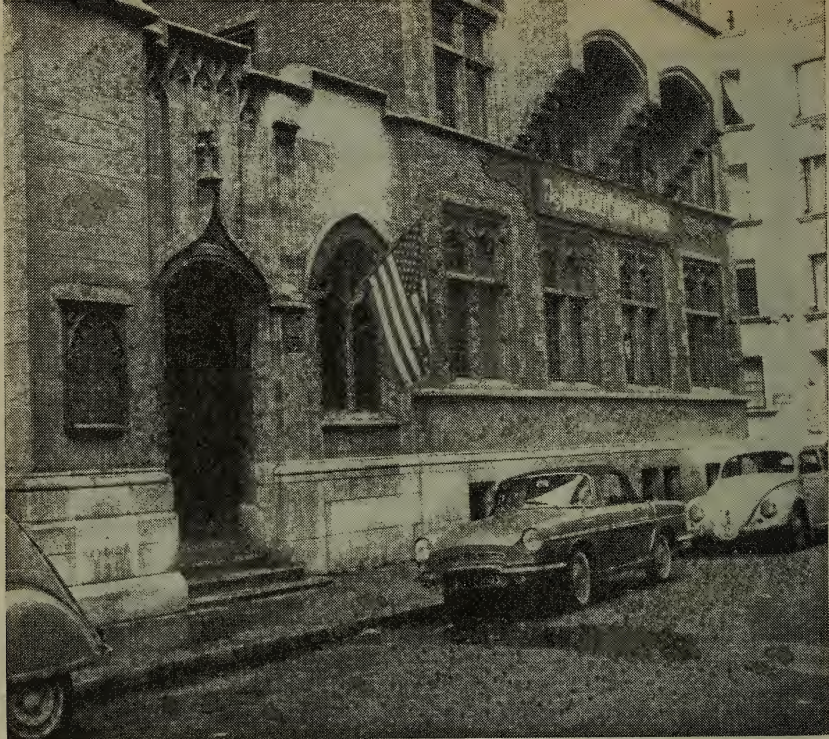
On another occasion, during the 1934 season, this same player made the statement that he and his brother, who played on the same team, would win 45 games between them for the season. They won 49 that year! To top it off he again predicted that he and his brother would pitch his team to victory in the World Series. They went on to do just that, winning the Series in four straight games. Call him what you wish, there was just one daffy ballplayer who could call his shots and get away with it—the great Dizzy Dean and his brother Paul of the St. Louis Cards.

Although Dizzy's career as a pitcher wasn't long (1932 to 1937) it was a fabulous one. He won 133 games and lost only 66. In 1934 his great arm won him 30 victories, while brother Paul copped 19 to bring the National League pennant and the World Series to their team.

During the All-Star game of 1937, "Diz," who was pitching at the time, was hit on the foot by a wicked line drive. Due to this injury he was forced to alter his pitching movements in order to ease his injury. A severe arm injury developed which finished Dizzy as a pitcher, but he returned to baseball via the air waves. With his colorful way of describing the action of the game, it wasn't long before he became an instant hit on the radio. Who can ever forget one of his most classic retorts: "A lot of folks that ain't saying 'ain't,' ain't eating."

Dizzy's greatest thrill came when he was elected to Baseball's Hall of Fame in 1953, an honor which this predictable pitcher probably predicted he would do some day.

—Mario DeMarco



Entrance to the English Gothic Parish House which is connected to the church.

Spiritual Leader of an American Colony in Paris

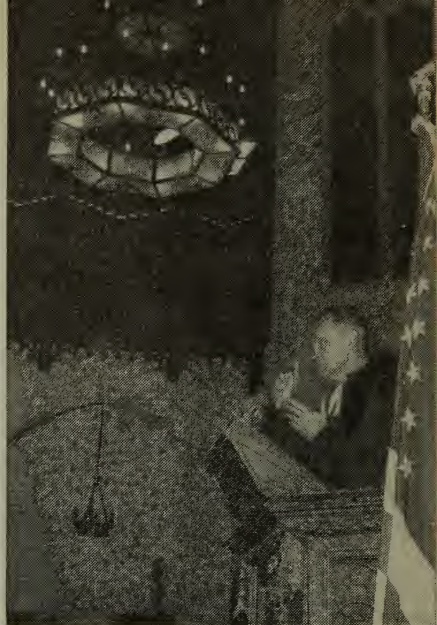
The American church in Paris has an outstanding pastor in Martin Von Buren Sargent.

IN 1816, a group of American Christians created in Paris a congregation that was to become the first American Church on foreign

soil and the oldest nongovernmental organization in Europe. In 1857, the congregation built its own church at 21 Rue de Berri. The life of the

church thrived, and by 1929, so important had its work become that members and friends gave of their personal income and capital to make possible the construction of the present million dollar buildings at 63-65 Quai d'Orsay, between the Esplanade des Invalides and the Eiffel Tower.

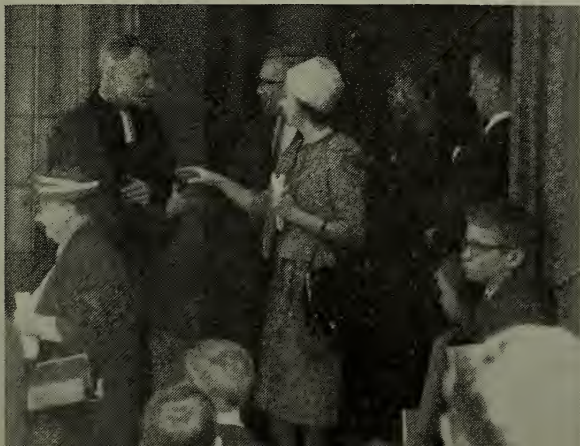
From its inception, this church united all forms of evangelical Protestantism, although the prime movers of its life were nonconformists. It was probably the first inclusively ecumenical church in Protestantism. Moreover, it has always opened its program of activities without restriction. Three Presidents, Ulysses S. Grant, Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson, attended this church.



Top Right: Pastor Sargent during one of his sermons makes a point about the importance of world-wide peace and brotherhood.

Story and Pictures by Three Lions

Bottom: Pastor Sargent knows most of his parishioners by name and he takes pride in greeting them personally when they arrive or leave the church.



Services for Americans were held on every Sunday throughout both world wars. It is interesting to note that during World War II, the Germans who occupied the Parish House allowed the continuation of services in the church on Sundays, to be attended by elderly Americans and British residents too weak to stand the rigors of concentration camps. Services were held in English, and prayers for the President of the United States were offered every Sunday.

The present structure was dedicated in 1931 during the pastorate of Dr. Joseph W. Cochran, through whose efforts the money was secured



Lilie learns to play the piano with Job as her audience and best critic.

Pastor Sargent with his wife and 3 children: Job on the left; Paul; and daughter, Lilie. Merritt, the oldest son, was absent from Paris at the time this picture was taken.





Whether of American residence in Paris or just passing through, everybody likes to attend the coffee hour which takes place after the service every Sunday. Here one meets friends from home or Paris and also makes many new acquaintances.

for the erection of the fifteenth century Gothic sanctuary and tower, and the English Gothic parish house. The windows in the church and chapel are noted as some of the finest in Paris. For the most part, the windows were designed in the United States; the glass came from France and England and the assembly was done in Paris.

Pastor Martin Von Buren Sargent, now the spiritual leader of the American Church in Paris, was born

in 1919 in Elizabeth, New Jersey. He married Barbara Benbow Scherer. They have four children: Merritt, 15; Paul, 12; Job, 6 and Lilie, 4. Pastor Sargent received his B.A. from Heidelberg College in Ohio and his B.D. from Union Theological Seminary in New York City. He was ordained Congregational-Christian in 1944 at the United Church of Christ in Westfield, New Jersey. His wife is outstanding as a painter. ■ ■



Two and a Treasure

By W. E. Dan Ross

THE pilot had been killed when the plane crashed. Now Barrett, the dark handsome gentleman adventurer, was stretched out on some foam rubber cushions they'd salvaged from the cabin and coming closer to death with each racking breath. While the other two survivors of the wreck, Sonya, his lovely blonde wife of a few months, and Weston, the tall, gaunt American promoter he'd talked into financing the expedition, knelt anxiously by him.

"You'll have to go on without me," Barrett whispered hoarsely.

Sonya's blue eyes brimmed with tears as she bent closer to the handsome pain-ridden face of her husband. "You will be able to travel soon," she said tenderly.

His eyes fixed on the oval beauty of her face. "The journey I'm taking will be alone."

Now Weston, the tall American, spoke for the first time. "And where does that leave me?" he asked harshly. "Four or five days' walk to

The dead man had a gift for them—a very precious gift; it was up to them to find it.

civilization, if I'm lucky, through a green walled hell! And what about her?" He jerked his head toward Sonya. "I have little enough chance trying to escape this jungle alone. With her it's impossible! This is the treasure you promised I'd find!"

Barrett closed his fast-glazing eyes for a second. Then he stared up at the American's angry face. "You are a lonely man, Weston. A cruel man whose single god is money. But you can't let my wife die out here."

"I can't make it with her!" Weston retorted in a dark rage.

She raised her head and gave him a proudly, defiant look that suited her loveliness. "There's no need to wait," she told him. "Go on, now. Before dark."

There was an expression of cold disdain on the American's rugged young face as he told her: "You may not be so happy about it when I do leave you."

Barrett raised his hand to stop his wife from saying anything more and the exertion caused him to have a spell of coughing. When it was over he fixed his eyes on her and whispered: "You remember the box? The iron cash box that I have always kept hidden at the bungalow?"

She nodded. "Yes, I remember. You had it out the night before we left."

"You know where I put it?"

"Yes. You showed me in case anything—" her voice faltered, "anything should happen."

He closed his eyes. "As if I had

somehow known." After a moment he opened them and turned his attention to Weston. "You are not an evil man," he went on in his hoarse, gasping tone. "You are just coldly purposeful. Nothing in life has touched you to soften your heart. There is no use my making a sentimental appeal for Sonya's life."

Weston was grim. "I'm glad you understand that. It saves a lot of time."

"Still I think you will take her out of the jungle with you."

"You're raving mad! My only chance is alone."

"I'll make it worth your while to gamble," Barrett gasped. "In my inner pocket—a wallet—there is a small key. The key to my strong box. Take it! Sonya knows where it is. She is the only one who can find it for you. It's worth more than the treasure we came after. Holds everything of value I assembled in a lifetime. Yours if you take her with you."

The American scowled and then glanced at Sonya. "Is he telling the truth? Is there such a box?"

"There is," she said it quietly. "But I will never tell you where to find it."

Her husband coughed again and then whispered. "Yes, you must! If he takes you back safely."

Weston eyed her closely. "Have you seen what's in that box?"

Her tone was completely disinterested. She said: "No."

Weston looked down at the dying

man, speculation showing in his gaunt face. He asked: "How do I know what's in the box will be worthwhile?"

"Worth more than the treasure," Barrett's whisper grew fainter. "The riches of my life." And then he was dead.

Sonya bent over him sobbing and Weston turned away and stood with his back to them both. He stared at the ominous green walls of the tropical jungle. He stood that way for quite a time until the girl had stopped crying.

When he came back, he knelt down and removed the dead man's wallet. Opening it he searched until he found the key Barrett had mentioned. He slipped it in his pocket and looked across at the blonde's pale, frightened face.

"As he said I'm not a sentimentalist," Weston told her in his slow, dry way. "But I want what's in that box and I always keep a bargain. So you'd better make up your mind you're going to take a nice, long walk. And hope it leads us where we want to go."

She glanced down at her husband's body. "What about him?"

"We'll stay here tonight," he said. "I'll build a fire while you find something in the plane for us to eat. First thing in the morning we'll leave."

There was plenty of food and Weston seemed to be hungry. She could eat little but she did take some water. The night's vigil was terrifying even with the gaunt man tirelessly keeping a bonfire blazing. She dozed off beside her husband's lifeless body.

IN the morning Weston was still his surly self. But she could not help admiring the way he'd taken care of them through the night. And now he went systematically about packing the very necessary provisions. Just the bare essentials. And he surprised her by waiting to bury her husband. As the clods of earth fell on Barrett, the terror of the jungle took on new reality.

Weston paused when he'd finished and bowed his head a moment. She lowered hers, and in the brief silence a lifetime of memories flashed through her mind. Now she was alone. Alone except for the cryptic, cold Weston.

The jungle became thicker as they began their journey. At first Weston led the way sullenly. He offered no word of conversation or encouragement. When she screamed at the sudden rustle of an animal unseen but near, he gave her a derisive look and said nothing.

Gradually he seemed to forget her. He was too occupied with finding a path through the dense, fierce growth. She stumbled along after him, her face beaded with perspiration, the lovely blond hair matted, her dress a sad, torn caricature of its original self and her legs cut and bleeding.

She knew that only the vision of that box with its riches had made him tolerate her. Yet she had no hate for him. It was his way of life. A way as hard and cruel as the jungle's and as lonely. Barrett, her husband, had been quite different. An adventurous philosopher who made sure their lives included some gaiety.



At night when they stopped to rest, when they could not bear another torturing mile, Weston strangely began to talk. He talked of many things as if he'd all at once become afraid of silence.

Then he asked abruptly: "What sort of man was Barrett really?"

Sonya's eyes met his. "He was a good man. I loved him a great deal in the short time I knew him. He knew the true values of life and considered money a secondary thing.

In England he'd attended a college and his greatest ambition was to write a really good poem."

Weston gave her an incredible look: "Barrett a poet? He was an adventurer. Close to a swindler. Talking people into crackpot expeditions for treasure and making sure he was well paid for his services." He frowned. "This is where his talk landed me!"

"Any of the end-of-the-rainbow schemes he sold to other people he was more sold on himself," Sonya said gently. "But you wouldn't understand that."

"You mean I haven't a romantic streak," he said. "I might have if I had been as irresponsible as Barrett. If we live through this, you can credit it to my love for hard cash. I'm being the gentleman and getting you out of this fix because I want what's in that strong box."

Yet there was something about his manner as he said it that didn't convince her. She was beginning to understand that much of his pretense about his love for money and his exterior hardness were shams to protect his inner sensitivity.

AS the days passed and their condition became more hopeless, exhausted and unendurable, he showed her more consideration and was almost gentle at times. And he talked whenever they stopped to rest. Talked endlessly of himself, his boyhood, his ideas, as if he'd bottled himself up all his life and now that he found himself with someone who listened with sympathy and understanding he had to unburden.

Then the afternoon arrived when—unexpectedly and miraculously—they were in the open by a wide river. On the other bank was a small village. They made frantic signals and soon a motor launch churned across the water to them.

Several days later they arrived at the bungalow where Sonya and Barrett had lived. They were rested and no longer showed the marks of their jungle ordeal. In the living room Sonya looked at the tall, young American.

"I know," she said quietly. "You are impatient to see the box. I will get it."

When she came back with the box from its hiding place and put it on the table in front of him he took out the key. Then he hesitated before opening it.

He looked at her with troubled eyes. "There's something I feel you should understand," he said

quietly. "And I think you will believe what I say because you know me better than any person living now. I wouldn't have left you alone out there even if there had been no box—no treasure."

She looked at him with gentle eyes. "I believe that," she said softly.

He put the key in the box. "Whatever is in this we'll share." And then he turned the key and lifted the lid. His face registered bewilderment as he studied its contents. "Just a lot of sheets of paper," he said, taking them out. And then in an amazed tone, "Poems! A lot of poems!"

"The riches of his life," Sonya smiled as she thought of Barrett.

Still puzzled, Weston looked at her as he held out the sheaf of poems. "He promised us a treasure and he gave us nothing!"

"Everything," she corrected him. "He gave us our lives—and our future!" ■ ■



"They're not speaking!"

Working Wives

By Erma Ferrari

To All Department Heads: From this date, the employment of young married women will be discouraged. We cannot conduct our business efficiently if we are to be increasingly at the mercy of baby sitters who do not show up, children who become suddenly ill, or some other home emergency.

BEFORE anyone panics, we hasten to state that, so far as we know, such a notice has not been formally posted in any business office. But there is a growing sentiment on the part of employers that this may come to pass, for the above fictional memo reflects one of the big disadvantages that both employers and working wives have to face.

Why Do Wives Work?

But this is getting ahead of our story. Let us start at the beginning with the question, Why do wives want to work anyway? We do not have figures before us, but there are surveys that bear out the conclusion that more than half of them work because they must. The time required for a young man to prepare himself adequately to enter a pro-

fession today, be it in law, in medicine, the ministry, some branch of science, to name a few of the usual fields, becomes increasingly longer. These professions require postgraduate study, an internship, the tedious business of building up a practice, and so on. To postpone marriage for four to six years, let us say, is difficult and often not desirable. And even assuming a young husband has a job, today's cost of living for a family, albeit on a modest scale, is very high indeed, and in some localities it is well-nigh impossible on one salary, especially if the husband's job does not include membership in a union that has a weapon with which to force higher wages from time to time.

Or, let us assume that the family is growing up and college looms ahead. Every American boy and girl who is deserving and able should have the benefit of advanced education. But here again, the cost is prohibitive for the family of modest income. There are not enough large scholarships to meet the need except for the most brilliant students, and there is a limit to the finances that young students, particularly girls, can

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earn for themselves. So mother, who perhaps was a successful secretary before her marriage, abandons the vacuum cleaner in favor of the typewriter, at least five days a week.

A scattering of wives work for less compelling reasons. They "hate housework," they are bored staying at home, they want a modern apartment or a new house, well furnished and equipped with the latest products of the American inventive mind, or they want a substantial bank account and to have some fun before they are "tied down."

What Problems Do Working Wives Face?

For whatever reasons, working wives are here to stay. As a matter of fact, the economy of our country would be rather seriously affected if large numbers of them quit. What unique problems does the working wife face, and are there advantages, beyond financial, for her home and family?

First of all, the situation that overshadows all others is that she must hold down two jobs, both very real and both demanding, whatever her financial status. She must fulfill the obligations of her working day, be she secretary, bookkeeper, nurse, teacher, or a professional woman "on her own." At the same time, she must keep her home in good order and have constant regard for the well-being of her husband and family. If she is fortunate, she can relegate the actual housework to a housekeeper or maid, but it is still her job to supervise and, more

subtly, to meet the emotional and spiritual needs of her family. This is a role which only the wife and mother can play.

Keeping the home in good order is no small assignment. Competent help is difficult to find, and also expensive. The wages and board of a maid will take a healthy bite from her wages or salary. If there are no young children, a full-time maid may not be necessary, but this raises another possible problem—that of fatigue and overwork. When a young man and woman first set up a new home, it is something of a challenge to both to come home from the work-a-day world, to new furniture and shining gadgets, and pitch in getting dinner together. Perhaps one or the other has stopped on the way to do some necessary shopping that could not be anticipated the previous Saturday. After dinner they do the dishes together, and before bedtime do a bit of tidying up. But if one or both are tired after an usually hard day, this routine may become a real burden, or pall after a year or so.

Increasingly, domestic employees who are both competent and reliable are difficult to find. And yet when there are children to be cared for, having the proper kind of full-time housekeeper or daytime baby-sitter is of utmost importance. A gifted young woman of our acquaintance, who was trying to pursue her career as art editor and at the same time do justice to her home, found it necessary to change baby-sitters on the average of every few months. As a result, her young son was

threatened with a serious neurosis from such lack of security in his life.

Incidentally, the working mother of small children sacrifices some precious moments in the growth of her children—when a child would come running to share with mother some wonderful discovery or achievement; when he would turn to her for sympathy, or praise, or guidance; or even to ask one of the never-ending questions about his expanding world.

We have mentioned the cost of domestic help in the home. There are other less conspicuous perhaps but nonetheless very real expenses contingent upon holding a job—more clothes and dry-cleaning bills, transportation, lunches, office gifts and parties. All such “fringe” expenses that the working wife incurs means that her salary is far from all “gravy.”

Combining Homemaking and a Career

So much for the disadvantages and problems that are often faced by the working wife. But it is not impossible to combine homemaking and a career. Situations and circumstances may make this desirable, and it is being done successfully by many wives and mothers. For example, when a young woman has a God-given talent, she is doing less than justice to her life if she does not develop it. And she need not necessarily forego marriage and motherhood if she plans her life carefully and conscientiously. There are doubtless as many marital failures on the part of wives who do not work as among those who do. The very

fact that working wives have a double responsibility challenges them to meet it and they try harder. The result is a happy and interesting family, watched over by a mother who is well adjusted and happy.

The wife who goes out into the world of business and the professions rarely needs to worry about her husband and children growing away from her in their interests and activities. Her life is not confined to keeping ahead of dishes, diapers, and dust, with a morning coffee klatch among neighbors who have the very same duties to attend to and the very same subjects to talk about, and an occasional PTA or League of Women Voters meeting the only intellectual stimulation, which too frequently fall far short of their noble objectives.

Almost hidden in the New Testament record of the early church is a reference to a working wife, certainly a phenomenon in the first century. Lydia was a “seller of purple goods.” Her business was doubtless successful, for purple goods were much in demand, but Lydia was concerned that her personal life and that of her family likewise attain true success. Having heard Paul preach as she sat one day on the banks of a river in Macedonia, Lydia and her household were baptized. Then this wise woman opened her home to God’s servant. “If you have judged me to be faithful to the Lord, come to my house and stay.” The twentieth-century woman cannot improve upon the example of Lydia, the first-century working wife and mother. ■ ■

City on a Hill

By K. Roald Bergethon

*You are the light of the world.
A city set on a hill cannot be hid . . .
Let your light so shine before men,
that they may see your good works
and give glory to your father who
is in heaven (Mt. 5:14, 16).*

THE sayings of the Sermon on the Mount are pithy. They are poetic. They are penetrating. They are products of independent thinking.

There are also other ways in which they differ from the usual opinion page of a student newspaper. Nonetheless, I was reminded of the Sermon on the Mount by two items in a recent issue of *The Lafayette*, student newspaper at Lafayette College—one by comparison, the other by contrast.

The first article, called "Toleration Not Enough," says eradicating overt bigotry is only a first step. Thereafter, each of us must go beyond "mere toleration of fellowman." The writer's concern had been awakened by the process of selecting future fraternity members, which in some cases involves so-called "discriminatory" conditions and practices. His

argument culminates in these sentences:

People, especially college students whose minds are keenly sensitive to . . . their fellowmen, can readily sense whether they are accepted in a group or are merely being tolerated. And knowing that one is being tolerated rather than accepted can be one of the loneliest feelings imaginable. The mere fact that this attitude exists here undermines the very principles and ideals upon which this college was founded.

Like the Sermon on the Mount, the essay "Toleration Not Enough" finds the negative insufficient. Just as the injunction "You shall not kill" is inadequate, so also is the admonition "You shall not be a bigot."

Attitude as well as act can hurt. "The attitude (of nonacceptance)," says the student-author, "undermines the very principles and ideals upon which this college was founded." That is, *even attitude* can undermine the community. How reminiscent these lines are of that saying from the Sermon on the Mount: "You have heard that it was said,

**The president of Lafayette College in Pennsylvania
talks sense in this article which was originally a chapel talk.**

'You shall not commit adultery.' But I say to you that every one who looks at a woman lustfully has already committed adultery with her in his heart." Even the inmost thought, said Jesus, is action and has effect.

Essay and Sermon call for the effort to reconcile human to human through understanding and affection. The appeal is implicit in the essay. The Sermon becomes explicit in such sentences as:

So if you are offering your gift at the altar,
and there remember that your brother has something against you,
leave your gift there before the altar and go;
first be reconciled to your brother,
and then come and offer your gift.

So I am brought to the other item on the opinion page of *The Lafayette* which reminded me of the Sermon on the Mount by contrast. It is entitled "Legislating Morality." It aims heavy-handed sarcasm at laws which deal with relations between the sexes. It mocks, among other things, the possibility "that two grownups should be arrested because they are voluntarily committing a natural and private act about which nobody should give a damn." Whereas the Sermon on the Mount (and the essay "Toleration Not Enough") stress the ultimate consequence for others inherent in the inmost thought and attitude, the article "Legislating Morality" asserts that overt behavior

carried out by at least two and often having direct or indirect effect on many need not be regarded by others with any concern whatsoever.

The large problem of "legislating morality" is beyond the scope of this paper. One can't help wondering, however, whether the author of the article so entitled would consistently hold his viewpoint in dealing with legislation on fair employment practices, educational opportunities, and the use of public facilities. Here too attitudes, thoughts, and decisions often considered "private" are involved.

At this point my concern is with the premise implied by indignation at the fact that two grownups may be arrested "because they are voluntarily committing a natural and private. . . ." Even in considering that statement it is best to limit the variables. I shall not discuss when the grown is up, when the voluntary is good, and when the natural is right. I want to deal merely with the premise that the ultimate intimacy in sexual relations is "a private act."

Against this premise I place the proposition that the final stage of intimacy between the sexes is never merely a private matter. It is not a private matter because it has public consequences.

The public stake in the relationship between members of the sexes is clearly recognized through the institution of marriage. Marriage and family provide the circumstances

most favorable to the birth and growth of new individuals, both as bodies and as personalities. On this score, I am sure, there is no disagreement.

I surmise that those who argue to have the sexual act regarded as private have in mind extramarital relations where there is to be no child. So let us think for a moment about these possible circumstances.

Sexual relations can take place without impregnation. It is also true that in the last decade or so there has been a tremendous upsurge of unwanted pregnancies, and so also of unwanted children and unwanted marriages. The personal consequences of these statistics for those who are born and for those who are parents, relatives, and otherwise affected, I leave to the imagination of the reader. They constitute, I propose, not only public consequences but public problems.

Also in some areas venereal disease rates have more than doubled. This, too, is both a private and public problem.

Even where there is to be no unwanted issue, no unfortunate disease, no unstable marriage, extramarital relations have "public impact." The extramarital exercise of the so-called "private act" results in subtle but significant effects on personality and character. It forms attitudes that affect others in varying degrees. Moreover, those who plead the right to satisfy desire without restraint make propaganda for permissive mores. They not only justify "private" satisfaction of appetite but go beyond this to promote like behavior under

an ethic of "natural self-expression." In our time it is even accurate to speak of a drive to proselytize in the name of this ethic.

Indeed some students, according to Dr. Graham B. Blaine, Jr., of Harvard, "are beginning to expect the colleges to cooperate with them in making . . . liaisons easy and comfortable." I recall a complaint in the *Columbia Spectator* to the effect that with respect to "social and sexual development" of students that institution had been "usually inhibiting, occasionally tolerating, but rarely facilitating"!

The fact that a decision or an act occurs in privacy, i.e., without witnesses, does not make either decision or act only "private" in character. Neither the "private" exercise of bigotry nor the "private" indulgence of desire can occur without effect on others. Therefore, society rightly is concerned with both and rightfully seeks guiding standards for behavior and criteria of judgment based on long-range goals.

It may be that our customs and judgments with regard to the sexes need realignment and refinement so that standards may be more humane and judgment more individual than has been the case. But the premise that sexual relations are a private affair cannot lead to refinement. Its end product is license.

As the president of an institution serving students and society, I am obligated to take a clear position on this much-discussed subject. Until I become otherwise instructed by experience or superior insight, I cannot justify a laissez-faire attitude on

the interpersonal relations of the two sexes. Any college or other educational unit would in my view appear delinquent in its obligations if by act or rule it implied belief that the sexual act is a private affair "about which nobody should give a damn."

The college and university cannot be content to develop minimum expectations based on the Kinsey report or opinion polls. The aim at any institution of *higher* education must be to cultivate that awareness of personal responsibility and that sensitive response to other personality which shaped the sentences of the Sermon on the Mount.

A college or university is indeed a "City on a Hill"—a city which cannot be hid. I hope that with me many will wish the light from such cities to "so shine before men, that they may see . . . good works. . . ."



"I wish you would drop Psychology 104! I'd like to be dated, not analyzed!"
(Cartoon by Benson)

Daily Bible Readings

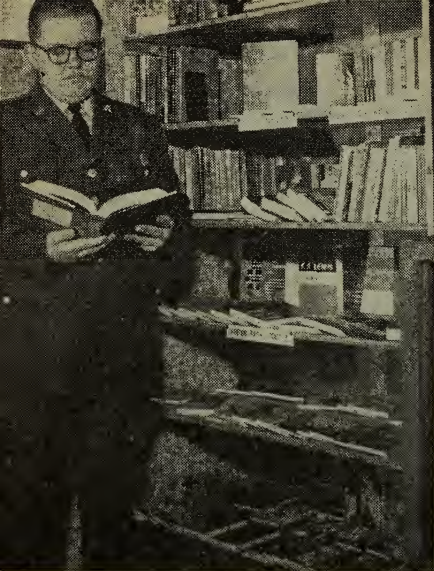
SEPTEMBER

DAY	READING
1.....	Deuteronomy 5:1-21
2.....	Deuteronomy 6:1-9
3.....	Deuteronomy 30:1-14
4.....	2 Kings 22:3-23:3
5.....	Psalms 119:1-8
6 Sunday.....	Psalms 119:9-16
7.....	Psalms 119:17-24
8.....	Psalms 119:25-32
9.....	Psalms 119:33-40
10.....	Psalms 119:41-48
11.....	Psalms 119:49-56
12.....	Psalms 119:57-64
13 Sunday.....	Psalms 119:65-72
14.....	Psalms 119:73-80
15.....	Psalms 119:81-88
16.....	Psalms 119:89-96
17.....	Psalms 119:97-104
18.....	Psalms 119:105-112
19.....	Psalms 119:113-120
20 Sunday.....	Psalms 119:121-128
21.....	Psalms 119:129-136
22.....	Psalms 119:137-144
23.....	Psalms 119:145-152
24.....	Psalms 119:153-160
25.....	Psalms 119:161-168
26.....	Psalms 119:169-176
27 Sunday.....	Jeremiah 31:27-34
28.....	Luke 22:7-23
29.....	Hebrews 8:1-13
30.....	Hebrews 10:1-18

PHOTO CREDITS

Page 25, U.S. Army; pages 34-37, Three Lions; pages 50, 51, William H. Taylor, U.S. Army; page 59, U.S. Army; page 61, U.S. Air Force.

MONEY: The Mint makes it first and we try to make it last.—F. G. Kernan.



PFC Dan Copple reads from books on display at the Chaplains' Bookstore in Division Headquarters. PFC Copple is clerk for the bookstore.

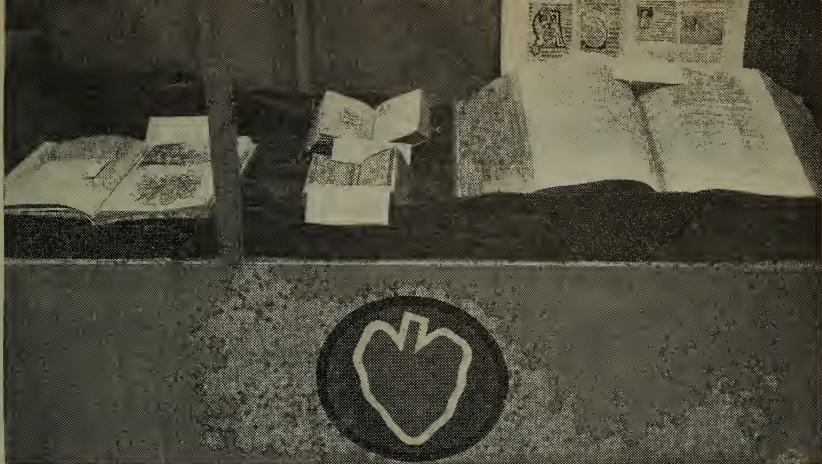
This picture shows some of the many items for sale: Bibles, books on theology, books on worship, Bible commentaries and the like.

EXPANDING THE USAREUR BOOKSTORE

THE USAREUR Religious Bookstore in Heidelberg has been of inestimable value to chaplains in Europe. Ways to expand the program have been worked out and one of these has been to open up branches in spots where large areas of military personnel and their dependents are located.

So an Augsburg branch of the bookstore has been opened in Room 143, Hq. Bldg., 24th Infantry Division. Chaplain (Lt Col) Frederick O. Hunt, Jr., Division Chaplain; Chaplain (Maj) Wm. J. Higgins and PFC Dannie K. Copple have put a





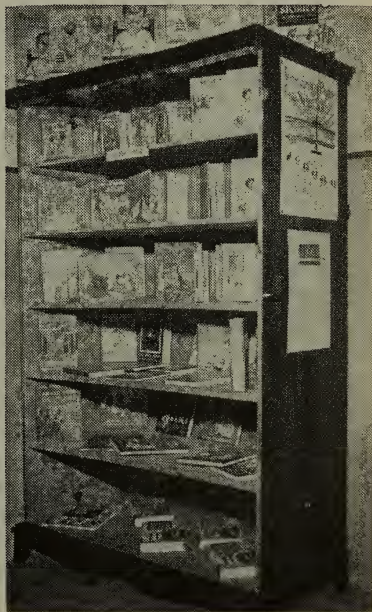
Top picture shows some of the rare Bibles which were on display a few months ago at the Bookstore. The books and manuscripts were valued at \$32,000. . . . Bottom picture shows a fine collection of children's books for sale. This is the Children's Corner.

lot of time and dedicated effort into the branch store, as will be evidenced as you look at the pictures on these pages.

Recently a special display of rare Bibles and manuscripts created a great deal of interest. Among other things was shown a first edition of Martin Luther's book, *The Bondage of The Will*, published in 1522.

Chaplain Hunt writes: "We have recently started taking book displays to various meetings to enable more people to see what we have to offer."

Congratulations to all who are urging the reading of good books.



The Sermon and My Identity

By Gerhard E. Frost

HAVE you ever talked back to the man in the pulpit? Not often does the pew have this chance. Perhaps we ought to have more dialogue between pew and pulpit. Then there would be a more creative growth in our Christianity.

And so here's my challenge to the pulpit from my place in the pew.

People who occupy church pews have to do a lot of listening. Sometimes they feel that's all they do. They forget the church is born in and does its living in the News. And this News must be proclaimed, and so the church's life must be expressed partly by preaching, by talking from the pulpit.

People who sit in pews do not have the opportunity to talk back during the course of the sermon. But they do a lot of thinking. The eyes of the listener will speak from the pew to the pulpit. Sometimes these eyes will question and resist; sometimes they will plead and praise; sometimes they will just glaze over and announce that the mind has gone wool-gathering. Sometimes they will proclaim sheer boredom.

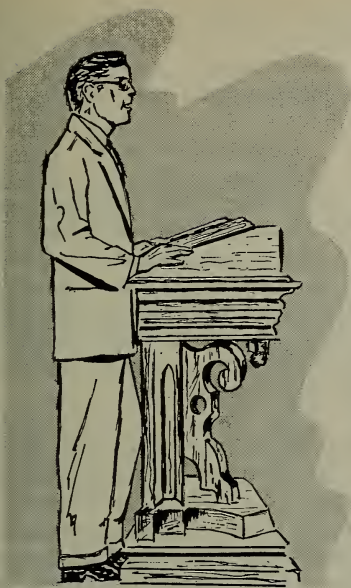
As I occupy my pew and settle

back for the sermon, I know that the preacher confronts me with words, perhaps up to two thousand words, if he's a fast speaker. Fifteen hundred to two thousand words to take at one sitting is a big gulp.

Well, what must I *not* expect from the sermon? What may I listen for with profit? What must the preacher bring to me, his listener? What should I rejoice in and welcome? How can I become a better listener and worshiper?

Not a neatly packaged God

No, I will not wish for a manageable, containable God whom I can comprehend and control. I will not, if I am wise, crave truths too comfortable to be true. I will shun oversimplification and half-truth. I will not ask my pastor to sugar-coat hard facts and I will be disappointed when he pampers me with pabulum instead of giving me real milk and meat. I will not ask him to present white-gowned thoughts, ethereal and fragile, unfit for more than candlelight, not born for the searing heat of midday sun in my work-a-day world. I will remember that God is



not feeble-minded. To meet God is to be disturbed!

Not a novelty center

I will not ask my pastor to provide a sky-filling exhibition of scintillating mental fireworks. I will not require him to be more clever than he is. As I sit in the pew, I will not present myself as one who is primarily seeking something *new*. I will remember that my need is not so much to be instructed with what I have never known as to be reminded again of what I have long known but *am trying hard to forget*.

How I would like to lose my identity and become just a face in the crowd! How disturbing and revolting to think that I have no do-it-yourself kit for my inner man! How

I would like to forget who and Whose I am! Not something new, then, but something true—this is my need. Oh, I will welcome a new thought, and especially will I welcome new garments for the old, but I will not insist on novelty or cease to come because of the lack of it.

Not a pagan pep-talk

I will long for comfort. I know that I shall need it and I humbly admit that I need it now. But I don't want to be told to *forget*. I do not want to be advised to keep my chin up or to be reminded that many others are in the same condition—as if there were safety in numbers. I want the Bread of remembrance. I want true comfort, the kind that rouses and nerves by drawing one to the source of his strength.

Blessed be the preacher who helps me to face Godward, to rise to right habits, to take a right stance in relation to the Means of Grace. How often I feel myself going down, down, down into the pit of despair. The world is too much with me and it presses me hard. Give me the Gospel—the Good News—please, for it is the Bread of *remembrance* that I crave.

Not a cushion

Even if I sometimes act like I want it, I really don't want the preacher to live my life for me or do my thinking for me. I will not be spared the agony of living with my own conscience. I will not ask to be sheltered from the pain of personal decision. I will accept the painful

and precarious, but gracious and wonderful, gift of life. I will not listen for encyclicals. I will wait to see the issues and I will hope that the sermon will help me, but I will shun the overhanging roof of authoritarian guidance.

Not a camouflage

There is much to be sad about and much to be glad about today. I will remember this as I sit in the pew. And I will not ask to be uninformed of the disquieting facts in the contemporary situation. I will consent to be stretched, knowing that it hurts, even to be broken, knowing that this is more painful still! If Christians will not face facts, who will? Who dares? I will try to remember this. I will bear in mind that I am on the march, that I am in the army now, and that never again can the banner fall to half-mast since my Savior is the Risen One. Because God is not dead, I will face the facts, hard and dark as many of them are.

IF these are some of the dangerous, but tempting offerings which I will not seek, what will I listen for? What shall I be grateful for? Which questions will I ask and praise God when they can be answered with a resounding yes. These are only a few.

Can I hear the melody?

Does the mood of joy pervade the sermon? Are there home-sounds in it—sounds like “For God so loved . . .”? Is there a festive air? Can I hear the excitement of children “Let

me tell it!” Does the Good News break here and now? Is there a sense of nearness and “now-ness”? Does the Gospel melody carry all the way?

Does he hear well?

Is this sermon a product of much listening? Does the preacher hear well? Does he hear God? Does he hear me? Does he know us both? Can he sense where I hurt and how Christ heals? This is expecting much, I know, but how blessed I am in the ministry of one who listens to God and to men!

Does the sermon block the exits?

Does the sermon block the tempting exits of my life? God knows how much I would like to outrun the Hound of Heaven. I need a preacher who will man the escape hatches. My lower nature doesn't want to be told that God is trying to make much of me. I often wish that He had not “set his mark upon me,” that I had not become a “burden” to him. But I need to be told these things, painful as they are. I need to sense that I am living under the “intolerable compliment” of the Cross.

How I would like to become bovine and content on a less than human level! The cattle beat no pillows at night. Dogs lie quietly and doze in their less costly peace. Swine pay no attention to sunsets. I need to hear preaching that keeps me from joining them, or trying to.

Does it respect mystery?

I like answers, like them too well. That's why I mustn't have too many of them. I want things neat. An

accommodating answer-man would be just fine for a god. But, pastor, please don't let me have him, for then I know that I depart from my Father! Preach the God who gives *himself*. Proclaim the One who offers himself, not as an answer to my resentments and poutings, but as the great Lover of all that I am and am intended to be. I know that my capacity to ask questions far exceeds my ability to receive answers. And yet I am caught in the delirium of a cheap curiosity. I find it distasteful and too humbling to walk by faith and not by sight. But, help me, preacher, to let God be God. This I ask, and when you do it, I am so blessed!

Does it prepare for sacrament?

One last question: Does the sermon point me to the font and table? Does it nail the written Word into my consciousness in such a way that I will remember my covenant of grace in baptism and seek continuing strength by sacramental fellowship? Does it help me to sense my oneness with other believers? Does it build bridges and level walls? Does it make me hungry and expectant as I approach the Lord's Table? If it does, I have been faithfully fed and led, whatever the superficial failings of form and diction may be.

And then, I will remember that it takes two to tell the truth, one to speak and one to listen. Humbly, prayerfully, and penitently, I will face my responsibility as the one in the pew, that love may reach out toward the one who proclaims even as I expect love to reach out to me.

ARE YOU AFTER LAUGHTER?

A newly made widow called at the insurance company office for the money due from her late husband's policy. The manager said: "I'm sorry, madam, to hear of your loss."

"That's just like a man," she snapped. "Always sorry when a poor woman gets a chance to make a little money."—*American Opinion*.

A motorist going through the mountain country saw an old hillbilly having a tussle with a grizzly bear. He jumped from his car and ran up to the hillbilly's wife who was calmly sitting on a stump with her rifle in the crook of her arm.

"Why don't you shoot the beast?" he demanded.

"Well," replied the old woman calmly, "I'm waiting to see if the bear won't save me the trouble."—F. G. Kernan.

"Just fancy that!" exclaimed a proud mother after reading a letter from her son in the Army. "They've promoted our Herbert for being the only one who had the nerve to hit that tough top sergeant. They've made Herbert a court marshal!"—*Ray of Sunshine*.

Often we pay
A pretty price
For paying heed
To free advice.
—George Gambler, *Grit*.

Zest with a Zing



By George S. Wilson

THE chaplain of Wild Blue Air Force Base was crying on my shoulder by telephone the other day. It seems he was finding it difficult to enlist Sunday school teachers.

When I advised him to go out and "beat the bushes," he exploded. "That's easy for you to say," he shouted, "sitting in that swivel chair at headquarters. I've already beat the bushes to a pulp, and haven't flushed a soul. We've got people here who could do a terrific job but they don't want to get involved or tie themselves down."

After he hung up, I asked myself: Why is it so difficult to get people with ability to volunteer for community and chapel activities? Perhaps we have become convinced by the misinformation that assails us from our transistor radio, like that tenor groaning that "the best things in life are free." Now, that's a lie if I ever heard one. The best things in life cost a great deal in terms of time, effort, sacrifice and discipline.

Happy homes don't just happen. Good schools don't spring out of the ground full-blown. Good citizens don't just grow. Fine communities don't just develop naturally. It takes a lot of patience, self-sacrifice and devoted work to create anything good or worth having.

We want our children to go to Sunday school. We want them taught by conscientious, dedicated, and intelligent teachers. We want them to have the experience of Scouting. We want them to live in a good, safe and decent community but when it comes to taking on some of the burdens, we echo Sam Goldwyn's phrase "include me out." No one needs your complaints; they need your help!

Do get involved. Do tie yourselves down to something worthwhile. Be concerned; get excited and life will have zest.

Two TV commercials impress me. One advertises Zest soap. If you want a definition of "zest"—watch it. Another sings, "Zing, what a feeling with a coke." Get involved and you'll get the "zing" and you'll experience "zest." Life will have meaning.

Zest with a zing. The line forms at the right.



POINTING TO LIFE'S GREATEST ADVENTURE

Adventures in Christian Living by Lawrence P. Fitzgerald. The Judson Press, Valley Forge, Pa. 1964. \$1.00.

A young person concerned about finding himself, knowing how to adjust adequately to life situations, how to chart his future course, and how to grow spiritually should find this book inspiring and helpful. Thirty brief, well-chosen selections stimulate thought on disturbing questions which demand answers. Who am I? Why am I here? Where am I going? This book will help the young person to face life honestly and seek solutions today that will fit tomorrow's goal as he sallies forth zestfully in the greatest adventure known to man—Christian living.

The author is noted for his sympathetic counseling with young people. As editor of **THE LINK** he has constantly sought to help young men and women in military service through articles and stories that will enrich their lives.

The book is recommended both for individual reading or for leading group discussions.

—i.m.

IGNOBLE ITINERARY

Let others worry rocket-wise
And plot for planet hops;
They're welcome to their untamed skies
And constellation crops.
This brain-wracked surge to be Moon's first
Arrives close to birth,
But my own struggle's still the worst:
To make ends meet on Earth.

—Dick Hayman

Let Us Pray

Almighty God, we thank thee that thou hast made us with the power to think, with minds, with intelligence. Grant that like Jesus we may grow in wisdom. May we heed our Master's words to "love God with all our mind." And, Father, may we dedicate these minds to noble causes and not evil. We know therefore our minds need the baptism of thy Spirit. Pour out upon us thy redeeming and converting grace that we may be enabled to think thy thoughts after thee. In Jesus' name. *Amen.*

Merciful Father, in this day when secular forces would claim us and mold us and our children, we pray for the strength to resist evil. We want to be free, to grow up in freedom, to love thee and serve thee; but these forces are too great for us and many times we despair. So, God of All Comfort and All Power, come into our hearts to do for us what we assuredly cannot do for ourselves—win the victory over sin and all its powerful forces that would enslave us and those we love. Give us of thy Spirit so we may grow up in true freedom. Through Jesus Christ, our Lord. *Amen.*

God of All Mankind, forgive us for

our selfishness, our narrowness, our bigotry, our prejudice. Help us to remember that thou art the God of All the Earth, that all children of the world are potentially thine, that thou art the Creator of men to the ends of the earth. Enable us, O God, to stand upon the highest mountain and in imagination to see the broad expanse—the whole earth. Keep us aware of thy children in all the nations. Help us to walk hand in hand with our brethren of all races and move forward toward the city of our God where men shall "come from the east and the west, the north and the south" and sit down in the kingdom of God. In Jesus' name. *Amen.*

Lord, thou who didst love people, help us to follow in thy footsteps. There are times when we are unhappy with people, when we dislike them, and at times even hate them. Forgive us. Create within us an interest in others; the ability to get along; to see all men as objects of thy love and so ours! May we remember the words of our Master who taught us: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." May we be like him who went about doing good, who never turned away from a needy person. In Jesus' name. *Amen.*

BRIEF NEWS ITEMS

Tribute to Missions

"There are those who feel that the day of Christian missions is past," notes Bishop James K. Mathews of Boston, a former missionary to India. "Actually speaking, the worldwide extension of the Christian church is today one of the most impressive facts of our time. It just happens that there are in so-called mission lands some 55,000 Protestant congregations and almost exactly the same number of Roman Catholic congregations. In all but four countries of the world, the name of Jesus Christ is known and some branch of his church is established. This is a result of the faithful missionary efforts by thousands of Christian missionaries at work today as their predecessors worked for generations. . . ."

Swedish Troops Impressed

Swedish troops serving in the United Nations forces in the Congo have asked permission of their government to contribute 136,000 Swedish crowns (\$26,350) to the mission there. The Swedish battalion said it wished in this way to express its appreciation of the help it has received from the mission, which is operated by the Mission Covenant Church of Sweden.

Churches Launch Major Study Program for Peace

Last June 1, members of the Prot-

estant and Orthodox churches began the fourth "stage" of a three-year emphasis on world peace. This study will culminate in the fall of 1965 in a World Order Study Conference. The specific theme is: "Man, Nations and World Community." A study guide has been prepared and may be ordered for fifty cents from the Office of P & D, National Council of Churches, 475 Riverside Drive, New York, N.Y. 10027. The guide is entitled: "Peace . . . ? Man and Nations in a Changing Community."

Conference on Leadership Training in Naha

Over fifty religious education workers from the Naha Base Chapel and Naval Air Facility Chapel, Okinawa, participated in the semi-annual Leadership Training Conference, which was held in the Chapel during the Spring—*Protestant Parish Reporter*.

Exterior of the present Methodist Church in Kijisi, Korea. Sgt Seungho Paik, a member of the church, attended Army Transportation School at Fort Eustis, Va., and worked in his off-duty hours to raise money for a new church in Kijisi.



World Council to Participate in Mississippi Project

A National Council of Churches project in the Mississippi Delta to bring relief to the needy, literacy training, reconciliation between racial groups and community development will be supported in part by the World Council of Churches. The U.S. has participated in such ministries around the world and Dr. Visser 't Hooft, general secretary of the WCC, said: "Our help is not because U.S. churches have been unable to meet material and spiritual needs of the Mississippi Delta but because our brethren of the U.S. feel that sister churches in other areas should be involved in meeting this great need and wish to profit by the experience of other Christians who have ministered in areas of great tension. Moreover, this shows our ecumenical solidarity."

Worship Attendance in the USA

Religion in American Life points to adult attendance at worship in the USA (from Gallup Poll surveys): Attending worship: 50,100,000 or 46 percent. Not attending worship: 58,813,000 or 54 percent. Total adult population: 108,913,000. Reasons given for attendance: Habit, duty, answers needed, religious beliefs, obligation, holy days, for children. 71 percent Catholics attend. 40 percent Protestants. 25 percent Jews. Refuse to go (atheist): 3 percent.

Religious Heritage Man and Woman of the Year

Dr. Norman Vincent Peale of New York City, minister, lecturer and author, was named the 1964 Clergyman of the Year by the Religious Heritage of America, Inc., and J. C. Penney, head of the J. C. Penney Co., Inc., was named Lay

This is the architect's drawing of the new Methodist headquarters building to be constructed in Washington, D.C. The \$3,500,000 structure will take about two years to complete. It is an eight-story building and will be owned by the Division of Temperance and General Welfare Board of the church.





A dinner meeting of the Protestant Men of the Chapel, Sondrestrom AFB, Greenland. The meeting was held on March 10 and 61 persons were present. Chaplain, Major, Simon H. Scott, Jr., is Base Chaplain.

Church Man of the Year. Mrs. Dale Rogers, Hollywood movie and television star received the honor of being the Church Woman of the Year. Awards were given June 27 in Washington, D.C.

Church Leaders Oppose Becker Amendment

Many church groups and church leaders have voiced opposition to the Becker Amendment, a proposal for a Constitutional amendment to allow prayer in the public schools. The Northern California-Nevada Council of Churches, for example, resolved: "The Becker Amendment threatens the integrity of the Bill of Rights, the principle of church-state separation, religious freedom and the integrity of the public school system. . . . It is unreal to expect that an appreciation of religious values can be communicated to our children by

the rote recitation of formalized prayer in public school classrooms in America."

The Rt. Rev. J. Brooke Mosley, Bishop of Delaware, said: "It is no answer to our problem to say to Jews, to Roman Catholics, to 57 varieties of Protestants, to Orthodox, to atheists and to all the sundry types of believers and non-believers in our communities, 'Please bow your heads and pray, or leave the room.'"

Rum War at Sea

The fabulous era of bootleg gin, hip pocket flasks, and short-skirted John Held flappers is recalled in Malcolm T. Willoughby's *Rum War at Sea* issued by the Government Printing Office (Washington 25, D.C.) at \$2.00. A detailed account of how the Coast Guard went to war against well-organized rum fleets during the Prohibition era.

The Link Calendar

- Sept. 1-30. Youth Month. Purpose: "Practical projects for youth to prevent juvenile delinquency and youth crime."
- Sept. 1-30. Home Sweet Home Month.
- Sept. 1-Oct. 31. Fall Clean-up Time.
- Sept. 4-12. Oregon State Fair. Salem, Ore.
- Sept. 6. Jane Addams' birthday. She was born in 1860 and lived until 1935.
- Sept. 6. Joint Anniversary of Scottish Rite Masons and Eastern Stars of New York.
- Sept. 6. Labor Sunday. Emphasis on the importance of cooperation with God in our vocations.
- Sept. 6-12. 21st Annual International Conference on Audio-Visuals in the Church. Green Lake, Wis.
- Sept. 7. Labor Day.
- Sept. 7-12. Miss America Pageant. Atlantic City, N.J.
- Sept. 9-16. National Child Safety Week. Purpose: "To instill in the minds of our school children safety practices."
- Sept. 10-12. U.S. World Trade Fair. San Francisco, Calif.
- Sept. 10-14. National Plowing Contest. Fargo, N. Dak.
- Sept. 10-19. National Air Races. Washoe County, Nevada.
- Sept. 12-13. President's Cup Regatta. Potomac River. Washington, D.C.
- Sept. 13-19. Constitution Week.
- Sept. 17. Citizenship Day.
- Sept. 17-30. Youth Enrollment Month. Aim: "To encourage youth enrollment in any character building organization."
- Sept. 18-24. 46th National Convention of the American Legion. Dallas, Texas.
- Sept. 18. World Series of Gold. Akron, Ohio.
- Sept. 20. Press Sunday. Honors pioneers of freedom of the press.
- Sept. 20. World Peace Day.
- Sept. 22. Tuesday at 7:17 P.M. (E.S.T.) Autumn begins.
- Sept. 26-Oct. 3. National 4-H Club Week.
- Sept. 26. Kiwanis Kids' Day. "To honor youth—our greatest resource."
- Sept. 27. Gold Star Mothers Day. Memorial services in Arlington Cemetery.
- Sept. 27-Oct. 4. Christian Education Week. Theme: "The Christian and His World."

LOOKING AHEAD: Oct. 1-31. Let's Go Hunting Month. Also National Restaurant Month. Oct. 2-7. Annual Assembly, International Convention of Christian Churches (Disciples of Christ). Detroit, Mich. Oct. 11-23. General Convention, the Protestant Episcopal Church. Oct. 13-15. National Convocation on the Church in Town and Country. Oct. 18. Laymen's Sunday. Oct. 21. United Churchmen's Rally. Oct. 25. World Order Sunday.

Discussion Helps

THROUGHOUT this issue of THE LINK you will find four articles prepared not only for individual reading but also for group discussion. The ideas found in these articles may also be helpful to lay leaders as they prepare talks or sermons.

1. Ignorance Is Out of Date (page 5)

Bible Material: Matthew 22:34-40; John 8:12

Why do people drop out of school? How would you define "an educated person"? Is there such a thing as "education without sheepskins"? What do we mean? What value has knowledge in itself, apart from cash value? What principles do you use in choosing your reading matter?

2. Why Work? (page 20)

Bible Material: 2 Thessalonians 3:6-12

What does Paul mean in 2 Thessalonians 3:10? What makes a person's worklife go sour? What can be done to spur up your work in these cases? Is the call of the clergyman a higher one than that of the butcher, baker and candlestick maker? Why or why not? What checks and balances do we have in our Christian faith to protect us from the traps of under-working or over-working?

3. No Stealing! (page 28)

Bible Material: Exodus 20:15

How do persons violate the eighth commandment? Do you think it was more easily enforced in Moses' time? Why or why not? What happens in a society when cheating and stealing are considered lightly, as not very bad after all? How do we rob persons of a good name? Why is this contrary to God's will?

4. Working Wives (page 43)

Bible Material: Acts 16:11-15

Who was Lydia? What was her occupation? What lessons can we learn from Lydia which are helpful today? When the wife and mother work, what threat does this pose to the church-going habits of the family? What precautions can be taken to avoid this? Are the spiritual standards of the family more the responsibility of the mother or the father? Support your conclusion. If equally divided, what does each contribute?

Books Are Friendly Things

Americans on Everest by James Ramsey Ullman and other members of the expedition. J. B. Lippincott Co., E. Washington Sq., Philadelphia 5, Pa. 1964. \$8.95.

"Everest has been climbed. Why climb it again?" Because that majestic peak belongs to all men. So the dream of Norman G. Dyhrenfurth was fulfilled—for Americans to climb Everest and stand on top of the world. Here is the dramatic account of this victory of the AMEE (American Mount Everest Expedition). The summit was reached on May 1, 1963, when two men gained it via the South Col. Three weeks later four more men reached the top—two by the South Col and two by the West Ridge.

Here is truly a great adventure told magnificently by James Ullman, perhaps the world's best-known writer on the subject of mountaineering. From the dark days when there was little interest in the expedition and no money, the story moves forward to success and its aftermath. The team of twenty men combined mountain climbing and scientific research.

The Battle of Königgrätz by Gordon A. Craig. The J. B. Lippincott Co., E. Washington Sq., Philadelphia 5, Pa. 1964. \$4.50.

Here is the story of Prussia's victory over Austria in 1866 at the Battle of Königgrätz. The first large-scale battle in modern history, Prussia dethroned Austria as the first power in Europe and took her place.

Basic Story Techniques by Helen Reagan Smith. University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, Okla. 1964. \$5.95.

The writing school at the University of Oklahoma has been turning out successful writers for many years—under the leadership of Walter Campbell and Foster-Harris. These men have believed and proved that successful writing can be taught and learned. Helen Smith, also a teacher at Oklahoma's successful writing school, shows you how to do it through specific examples.

A Modern Abecedary for Protestants by Stephen F. Winward. Association Press, 291 Broadway, New York N.Y. 10007. 1964. \$3.50.

What are the basic principles of the Christian faith and what do we mean by them? The authors seek to answer this question in brief form, in ABCs; and they do a pretty good job. The student will want more detailed information; but here is a good introduction.

Man on Fire by LeGette Blythe. Funk and Wagnalls Co., 360 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N.Y. 1964. \$4.95.

Among the world figures of all time, Paul stands second next to Jesus. What was the world like in which Paul lived? What were the motives that moved men? Mr. LeGette Blythe imaginatively records the life of Paul and relates it to his contemporaries and answers these questions. He builds his moving novel around the great cities of Paul—Tarsus, Antioch, Caesarea, Jerusalem, Rome.

Sound Off! (Continued from page 4)

Please find enclosed American Express check for the amount of \$2.50. Please send THE LINK to a very dear friend of mine (name given).

—A1C Jacob A. Justin, Hq. Sq. 48th Combt Spt Gp (USAFE)
Box 2956, APO 179, New York, N.Y.

Some of the Best

THE LINK, by the way, continues to provide some of the best Christian military reading in America today.

—LCDR Robert W. Odell, CHC, USN, USS Shangri-La (CVA-38),
Care FPO, New York, N.Y.

Thank You

On behalf of the 800 veterans living here, I thank you for the 25 copies of THE LINK magazine you send to us each month. This is an excellent magazine and the men enjoy reading it.

—E. C. McDaniel, Director, VA Domiciliary, Thomasville, Ga.

Your Articles Have Helped Us

I am a civilian, a junior hostess and officer at the USO Club in Washington, D.C. There I picked up a copy of THE LINK. I have really enjoyed the wonderful articles and poems that are in it. My fiancé is a marine stationed at Camp Pendleton, Calif. We are always sending each other articles from THE LINK.

Some of your articles have helped in our plans for the future. We hope to be married in a month and my fiancé then leaves for a thirteen-month tour of duty in Okinawa. Thanks so much for THE LINK. I am a Christian and so is my fiancé.

—Patricia A. Wilkinson, 1331 N. Irving St., Arlington, Va.

Very Fine Magazine

As a personal note I'd like to say that I consider LINK a very fine magazine. For several years I have been in charge of the men of our church in the services of our country and before I send them the magazine I have read each issue.

—Mrs. Mary Ann Babbage, 251 So. Harrison St., East Orange, N.J.

Program Ideas

During our military tour in this area, I have been employed as Director of Christian Education and have gotten many program ideas for senior highs from LINK.

LINK is received each month at the AFROTC Detachment Office, Grove City College, but it is in much demand and I would like to keep the copies for future reference, so please enter my subscription.

—Mrs. John C. Johnston, 311 S. Center St., Grove City, Pa.

At Ease!



"No, he isn't a quitter. He's just never started!"

She had made the clerk show her everything in his department but nothing seemed to suit her.

"I'm afraid none of these will do," she said, "Tomorrow is my husband's birthday and I want to surprise him."

"Why," asked the clerk, "don't you just hide behind the door and shout 'boo' at him?"—Gene Yasenak.

A minister had to conduct a funeral service in a house with a broad stairway going up out of the living room. He was told to stand on the stairs so that the relatives in the second floor hall and the friends in the room below could hear him.

As he mounted the stairs he noticed a small clock on the wall but thought nothing of it. But as he began praying, he was startled by "Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo!" over his head. The prayer was shorter than he had planned.—Belle Chapman Morrill.

Money doesn't always bring happiness. A man with ten million dollars is no happier than a man with nine million.—*NRTA Journal*.

"My ancestry dates back to before the days of Charlemagne. How old is your family?"

"I really can't say. You see all our family records were lost in the flood."—*Watchman-Examiner*.

Water polo has been brought to our attention by Wm. Kriebel. He claims he saw a man throw his wallet into a pool full of fish that tossed it back and forth from one end of the pool to the other.

"It was a case of carp-to-carp walleting," he explains.—John Fuller in *Sat. Review of Lit.*

Also from John Fuller, same issue: Crazy, mixed-up words are keeping Elizabeth Stein busy. She recently viewed an educational film in which the narrator described the type of girl who had the making of a future teacher: "While in high school she was a first-grade student."

A little girl's nightly sign-off: "God bless mommy, daddy, and baby brother. Amen and FM."—*Changing Times*.





